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CHINA, REFORM, AND THE POWERS.

It was pertinent but embarrassing: "Is reform to come to China from within or from without?" asked the *vis-à-vis* of our host, but there the subject dropped. The Yamèn Minister Chang Yin Hwan, whose last mission abroad was to represent China at the Diamond Jubilee, had just been arrested and sent to spend September, 1898, in the cells of the Board of Punishments. A week earlier, reform was in the air and progressive officials saw nothing but happy augury in the fervor of the Emperor; now everything was changed and retrograde movement paralyzed every tongue. The only men at their ease, or who seemed to be so, were that inscrutable trifler Chung Li and his table neighbor, the ever wide-awake Li Hung Chang; but the question drew no answer from either, and their colleagues, several of whom were present, were even less likely to venture on its discussion—they were silent and on their guard, playing with the dessert and warily watching each other, the cold, composed Confucianism of their features making it impossible for an outsider to say whether it was dismay the anti-reform fiat of the Court had occasioned, or triumph. The dinner was excellent, but the Legation-dinner party was not a success. Nothing could be gloomier. Had coming events cast their shadows before them?

A fable tells how an old man and a young boy met a reforming economist on their way to the market-town. He lectured them for waste in keeping and not using the ass they had with them. Thereupon the old man mounted. Further on, they encountered another reformer, an advocate for the protection of children. He scolded the man for cruelty in making the poor child run alongside, and the latter was then put in the saddle. Next they came across an enthusiast belonging to another school who rebuked the healthy lad for riding while his rheumatic grandfather hobbled along on foot; if he must ride, could not the donkey carry both? Soon after the change had been effected, a member of the society for preventing cruelty to animals appeared and, after rating them soundly said it would be much more befitting for them to carry the donkey themselves, on which both dismounted and proceeded to act on this new advice. All three then tumbled into the ditch, where reformers could do nothing, for them, and ended miserably. The parable is illustrative and instructive; it gives reform a free hand, but hints that possibly people may know their own business best.

If we turn to China we find that critics abound and that there is no lack of advisers. Criticism is doubt-

less honest—but do critics fully understand the thing they criticize? Advice is probably well-meaning—but who is to profit by it, the advisers or the advised? Each well-wisher has of course his own prescription—which ought to be followed? Catholics point to Rome; Protestants give quite other sailing orders; Dissenters differ; Agnostics would leave China alone;—which of them has the truth, and why embrace a foreign cult while foreigners themselves disagree thus? Turn from the missionary to the merchant; one says if you free trade from squeezes all will be well—but what are the squeezes and is government possible without them? Another demands access for his vessels to all inland waters—do other countries allow it? A third wants manufacturing, mining and railway rights—will it suit him to accept the conditions which Chinese ideas respecting the requirements of such concessions force officials to formulate? Connected, too, with every such demand are a host of side issues as to capital, shares, rights, protection, disputes, etc., all of which involve more or less interference with established practice, local usage, popular feeling and official action, while hanging over all is the possibility that the best advice may be doubted and thrown aside and the worst accepted and acted on. Pass on to the official world; this one has parliamentary leanings, that other wants republican forms, and a third gives advice from the standpoint of the autocrat. In short, advice is as many-sided as advisers are numerous, and to meddle is almost sure to muddle. Might it not be better to go slow and let healthy evolution perfect its own natural process? It is the felt want—and the felt want alone—that will make way for what really requires to be added or changed or set aside, and it is the Chinese themselves that must feel that want, and not the foreigner, if the at-

tempt to supply it is to be welcomed and not opposed, is to be a success and not a failure.

On the other hand, it is a mistake to think that stagnation is the rule in China—although such would not be surprising in a country which resembles a pond rather than an ocean; the Censorate is continually calling attention to lapses from what is right in administrative practice and official conduct, and the Memorials submitted to the Emperor are never without suggestions for the welfare of the people. But there are two schools of thought. One—and in it the majority will be found—is strictly conservative and its votaries are continually looking back to the past, the wisdom of sages, and the precedent of old, and they honestly believe that it is departure therefrom which damages, and reversion thereto—that is reform, as they understand it—that regenerates. The other school numbers a very small minority—but it is growing; it accepts facts, recognizes what makes for change, opens its eyes to the life of other lands, asks what can be introduced from abroad and grafted on Chinese trunks, and ceases to condemn novelties simply because they are new, or to eschew strange things merely because they are foreign. This second school is undoubtedly the school of the future; it will try all things, and it will hold fast to what it knows to be good, but it, too, has its two divisions—one recommending the adoption of whatever will make China strong enough to fight the foreigner with his own weapons, and the other accepting intercourse and its concomitants as something that cannot be helped, may be made the best of, and need not be detrimental. The Emperor Kwang Hsü belongs probably to the second division of the second school; unfortunately what may be styled the iconoclastic proclivities of his coterie ran riot—it is so much easier to de-

stroy than to create—and when the car of radical reform left the new rails of progress the turn of the table brought to the front the persecuting side of intolerant conservatism—reformers also, be it remembered, but of the old school, and given their opportunity by the occasion.

But what is reform, and in China where is it required—some would say, where is it not required?—and how is it to be introduced?

Whatever tends to improve a people's condition may in general language be said to be covered by the word reform, whether it takes the shape of national legislation, administrative action, combined effort, or individual initiative, or whether its object be to bring necessary education within reach of every class, secure greater well being for all in respect of occupation, dwellings, clothing and food, facilitate communication and movement, safeguard the unquestionable rights of person and property, or strengthen the State as far as it, as a State among States, deserves to be strengthened.

The acquisition of strength has its conditions. Just as the rights of an individual in any State must be conditioned by the rights of his fellows in that State, so the rights of an independent State must accept as a limitation the rights of other States, and a corollary of these last presents itself in the form of a right of intervention; for example, while all States may tacitly allow or even encourage one of their number to introduce such reforms as improve the quality or increase the sum of that State's strength so that order may be preserved and disorder repressed within its borders, it may be the duty and is the right of neighboring States to combine and interfere to prevent an undue increase of strength in a State which is aggressive and which is so far their inferior in respect of civilization as to be likely to misuse

such newly-acquired strength and to threaten to become a nuisance if not a danger to all others.

When we try to diagnose China, we find that it is a State which discourages militarism and enthrones reasonableness, and which is not of an aggressive nature. Its people are law-abiding and easily governed, but they cover so broad a territory and are so numerous that, no matter how well-conducted they may be said to be as a whole, there is always a local trouble somewhere, of one nature or other, to occupy the official mind, and accordingly each province has its own military forces for the support of authority and prevention and suppression of disturbances; but the work to be done is of a police kind, and the provincial soldiers, although drilled and armed, are fitted rather to deal with riotous civilians than to encounter armies. A foreigner would hesitate to call them soldiers, but, calling them soldiers, he would at once recommend more attention to the arms they carry, changes in their drill system and education for their officers. Still, given the geographical position of China, the general character of the Chinese people, and the real work such provincial forces have to do, it is a question whether native arrangements—the natural outcome of the character and wants of government and people—may not have been the most suitable. Unhappily the drift of events and the force of circumstances now require China to see that, in addition to preserving order within her borders and among her own people, not only have aliens in China to be taken into account, but the military action of other States against China has to be provided for and guarded against; and thus it comes to pass that, against her will and desire, China must henceforth become a military power. There will be much floundering and many mistakes and catastrophes, but

sooner or later the State will emerge healthy, strong and experienced, and in possession of what the world forces on her—military strength, and since it must be had, she will eventually have it of the best—the best arms, the most suitable drill, the highest education, and soldiers in such numbers as population permits and circumstances require, and of such quality as physique, morale and training will in the course of generations provide. To-day in order to punish China for the Boxer doings of last year, the West, among other things, is prohibiting the importation of arms; in this connection, said a scion of a great family to me—"Very good—this forces us to become producers. Now, mark me, in due time, we ourselves will be exporters; not only that, but underselling present manufacturers!"

As regards legislative reform—it must not be thought that China has no laws. Long ago Sir George Staunton translated the penal code, and for every other department in the divisions of government similar codes exist. The country is a settled country and the people are not savages; every inch of ground is owned and occupied and utilized—though respect for the dead has taken up more of the surface for burial sites than is approved of by economists whose feelings are not hurt by the custom which allows many strata of remains to become mixed in the same excavation; owners have their title deeds, transfers are registered and recorded, and the rights of person and property are defined and protected as far as Chinese civilization requires for a nation of which the members form one family under one supreme head. The attention of Chinese Ministers has, however, awakened to the fact that foreign trade and its developments call for legislation in respect of many new points, such as partnership contracts, insurance, etc., etc.,

etc., and that in order also to get rid of the incubus of extra-territoriality conceded to aliens in China it will be necessary to do as the Japanese have done—frame special codes, create special tribunals, educate legal specialists and introduce new procedure. The very last Memorial presented to the Throne by a very high Manchu official named *Tseng Ho* suggested and advocated legislation of the kind just alluded to. He had just been made Footai or Governor of one of China's eighteen provinces, and, although what he then suggested was pigeon-holed and himself cashiered by the Empress Dowager in September, 1898, he will again come to the front if he lives, and, one day or other, sooner or later, what he proposed will be carried out. The felt want will produce it, and the change, with all the ramifications and growth that must follow in its train, although the outcome of external circumstances, will be welcomed and will work healthily, because started from the centre, of China's own will and not under foreign dictation.

As regards reform in respect of communications and movement—that may be said to have begun. The Electric Telegraph now functions in every province—an Imperial Post Office has been established and is extending—and Railways are in operation and projected; all three departments have come to stay and to spread, and will provide for State and people all the facilities and benefits their existence implies. The Telegraph is in Chinese hands and having thus been naturalized is becoming popular as a native department. The Imperial Post has two difficulties to contend with; inland there are private posting establishments everywhere and the government can only proceed tentatively lest its official competition should rob industrious breadwinners of their livelihood, while at the ports various foreign powers have

opened alien post-offices on Chinese soil, and their presence causes friction—although for the present they have their uses. Railways will in due time be found where wanted; so long as they are of foreign ownership or under foreign protection they will have the limitations which must accompany alien enterprises, but, of course, as worked by experienced foreigners they will be preferable in respect of speed, regularity, independence and general utility to lines managed by natives subject to official interference and inexperienced.

As for food, clothing, dwellings and occupations, the Chinese possess what is suitable in respect of the three first, and will add to the number and variety of the fourth as new industries are introduced and developed and other reforms create new openings and other requirements. To what extent currency ought to be touched is a question; whatever circumstances or legislation made copper cash the current medium of China and one of the cheapest metals the standard of value, it is probable that it was not done without adequate reason and therefore possible that interference might do more harm than good. The rate of interest is high in China—one per cent. per month being thought very light, but every cash, and a farthing is worth about ten cash, can buy something in the market. The Government will therefore approach currency reform very warily and ought not to act rashly.

In the matter of education, too, it is the felt want that will be the most potent influence. The Chinese are second to none in this respect for education, but they have their own ideas on the subject, together with their own books, their own schools, their own systems, and all these respond to demands that exist and supply the wants people are acquainted with and national life has developed. A few govern-

ment schools and colleges apart, the educational establishments connected with various missionary organizations are gradually accustoming certain sections of Chinese to branches of study which have hitherto found no place in the ordinary native curriculum and not only will a taste for them spread, but knowledge of a kind the country does not yet possess will take root and become productive. The masses, however, are practical people, and they need not be expected to be attracted by any teaching they do not see the use of, but of course exceptional intellects will from time to time be caught, captivated and vivified, and these will in turn exert a transforming influence and convert foreign teaching into native learning. Besides, continued intercourse and the constant introduction of foreign novelties will be creating new wants, new industries and new tastes, and with the supply of these will come openings for what the new learning teaches and the men it produces; it will then pay to acquire fresh knowledge, and practical men will popularize what enthusiasts introduced. In this connection, two reforms are essential, the first being for Government to add to the subjects of competitive examination western science in all its branches, and the second to make official and professional openings for successful students by requiring and recruiting specialists for duty in and under the various departments of the public service. The Emperor Kwang Hsü was moving in this direction, and the time will again come for the tide to flow. What Chinese education aims at, however, is the formation of character rather than what we call the acquisition of knowledge, and that that end has been a success is seen in the untiring industry, invariable cheerfulness, intelligent procedure, general good conduct and law-abiding nature of the people of every province. At the same

time it should not be supposed that Chinese learning has nothing in it or that the country is without a literature; on the contrary, the amount of literary work done and the quantity of reading matter published are enormous, and the educated Chinaman is a mine of intellectual wealth. History, Biography, Philosophy, Poetry, Romance, Travels, Criticism, Essays, Commentaries, etc., have flooded the land with publications; voluminous Cyclopedias exist and exhaustive Dictionaries were published and re-published ages before Johnson appeared or Webster labored or the French Academy was heard of. Foreigners who study the language become enamored of it and wish for several times man's three score and ten years to revel in the millions of books and read what they have to say about every conceivable subject. In 'fifty-eight, the Governor of Kwangtung, Pih Kwel, told to incredulous me how some old book of two thousand years ago relates how, a thousand years before, the Prince of one of the Chinese States of those days used to send messages to a brother prince in a curiously shaped box made of special wood—how he spoke his message into it, closed and sealed it, and sent it by a trusty messenger—and how the recipient on opening it heard with his own ears the actual words and voice of the sender; in 'ninety-eight, the first phonograph that came to Peking brought me a message from Lo Fêng Luh, now Chinese Minister in London, and as the cone revolved and I heard his words and recognized his voice, I heard also Pih Kwel telling me once more—but no longer incredulous—about the Prince's wonderful message box! In my talks with Wên Hsiang in the 'sixties the marvels of Electricity interested—but did not astound him, for what Chinaman is ever astounded? and one day he said—"It is fascinating, but you have not got to the bottom of it yet;

there is more to be done, and, once circumstances allow us Chinese to take it up, we'll add what you foreigners have not discovered!" And in this connection it may be noted that a Chinese watchmaker at Foochow has independently worked out an improvement in spinning machinery of sufficient originality to be styled an invention and of sufficient promise and utility to be patented. Well-wishers need have no fear as to the spread of education and its fullest development in China; it will add cell to cell, and a perfect body, with others to follow, will in due time be the result. As regards other matters, social and political, legislative and administrative, local and national, they may safely be left to time and circumstances; discovery and invention will provide new instruments—government will withdraw old prohibitions—society will outlive superstitious opposition to change; wants will be felt and reform will do its work.

Every people has its special characteristics; environment hardens them into abiding qualities and transforms them into permeating influences. At the very foundation of Chinese thought is the dict that "man is originally good"—*Jin pun shên* is the first lesson the child memorizes, and co-ordinate with this and running through all their common-sense manner of life, is the idea that what is natural is necessary, is allowable, and need not be a cause of shame; both ideas have had their effect on the development of Chinese character and institutions. The Confucian cult is admirable as a guide of conduct; as a man among men, the Chinaman is told—"What you do not want done to yourself, do not do to others," and as a man under the eye of Heaven, he is advised to carry himself as if in the presence of a Deity that really exists—

As if thou knewest, though thou canst not know.

He is to do right simply because it is right, and not because there is a Hell to be avoided or a Heaven to be won. The result is an intelligent and reasonable people, a specially developed body of officials, and a tolerant and paternal government. But natural law operates through all, and each class has the defects of its qualities.

If asked what is the defect of the Chinaman as an individual one might reply that before his consciousness truthfulness has no recognized place as a virtue; not that, ordinarily speaking, Chinese are not quite as veracious as other people—if it is hot they will not say it is freezing, and if they are riding they will not tell you they are walking, but, if asked a question which they think ought not to be asked or answered, they will not hesitate to diverge from the truth in their reply, for they argue that, truth told, boats are burnt, whereas, so long as it is kept back, whatever loss its knowledge might occasion may be avoided. And so it has come to pass that when discussing dealings with foreigners they are continually heard saying that what the foreigner values is "good faith"—*hsin*—and that therefore falseness must be prevented. Foreign intercourse, if it has not introduced this leaven, has at least set it a-working, and sooner or later it will be as disgraceful to tell a falsehood in China as it is in the countries which ostracize the liar.

Turning to the official world we find that each official—a victor in the native competitive examinations—is expected to have so assimilated the wisdom of old and the teaching of sages that he is not only fit for any position, but will do nothing to dishonor it; he will be loyal to his prince and a father to the people. Accordingly placed in the Yamén as an official—a *Fu-Mu Kwan*—his government issues to him a salary that barely suffices to feed him, and yet expects him to both subsist on

that and carry on the multifarious duties of the post; the consequence is that he is forced to get money from the people to pay for the staff he must employ and for the work they have to do, and although this plan of trusting to honor and education is admirable in the abstract, saves the trouble of keeping and auditing accounts in the concrete, and in practice is controlled by a public opinion which recognizes both the right of the official to provide what is reasonable and the right of the people to refuse what is the reverse, still it opens the door to endless abuses, demoralizing both the people who buy favors and the officials who sell them. To remedy this—a state of affairs which originates in the belief in man's original goodness—reform prescribes the payment of adequate salaries and the introduction of budgets, accompanied by the most stringent prohibitions, on the one hand forbidding officials to accept gifts or raise unauthorized funds, and on the other warning the people against offering presents or paying moneys not sanctioned by government. The only properly paid service in the country is the Imperial Maritime Customs—and that again is a new leaven that is working; in due time each office will have its proper pay and irregularities will disappear.

As regards the Government itself, its arrangements are on the whole of a takingly symmetrical description, but naturally lapse of time has made certain laws and offices useless—these ought to be suppressed—has made others necessary—these ought to be established—and, owing to changes in circumstances and the growth of development, calls for corresponding changes in practice and procedure—these ought to be introduced. The one important fact, however, that the Government has to face, fully and without reservation, is that China is only one of the many Independent States and that for-

eign intercourse on terms of equality cannot be avoided, and, recognizing this fact, it ought to give the fullest effect to the central idea of a reform edict issued years ago by the Empress Dowager herself which said that reality is reality, and that to recognize the real must be the guiding motto of the official world—*shih shi chiu shih*. If this is ever to have any practical value what reform demands as a condition is that in international relations and doings suspicion shall be disarmed and friendliness fostered. This idea naturally introduces another side of the question—"Where is reform to come from, from within or from without?" and something may now be said respecting those features and facts in foreign intercourse which it might be well for outsiders as advocates of reform to look at through Chinese eyes, feel through Chinese nerves, and deal with according to Chinese requirements.

Foreign intercourse did not begin yesterday, but although records tell of various individual experiences stretching back to dates already far away in the past, treaty recognition is a thing of modern times. Step by step, voyages of discovery, commercial instinct and propagandist zeal laid stone on stone and created new circumstances, till, at length, both peoples' interests and officials' relations necessitated governmental action; hence treaties, defining rights, according privileges and linking States. However necessary they were and however suitable they may have been, whoever studies the effect of treaties on China must recognize certain features as characterizing them at the outset; they were the outcome of an intercourse that was volunteered rather than solicited—they were accepted after defeat rather than negotiated—they obtained from China what the foreigner thought he required rather than what China desired to con-

cede—and they were without reciprocity, their stipulations setting forth merely what China was to grant to the people of other countries and in no way pledging other countries to grant anything to the people of China. Dictation did not make treaties—even treaties of friendship—palatable; reflection has not dispelled dissatisfaction; experience recognizes, that, if something has been gained, from the Chinese standpoint much has been lost.

Few Chinese know anything about treaties and fewer still understand their potency. Considerable numbers have profited by foreign intercourse; producers have had new markets opened for their products, consumers have had wants both new and old supplied, travellers have been enabled to move about quickly and cheaply, traders have made money, inquirers have found truth, students have had their eyes opened to knowledge before undreamt of, and sick people have obtained proper medical treatment. But, alongside of these unquestionable, and by those who enjoy them fully appreciated, advantages, there have been other experiences; foreign competition has badly damaged the business of various native establishments—treaty stipulations have embarrassed provincial arrangements—the extra-territorial status of foreigners, while freeing Chinese officials from the trouble of attending to judicial matters, has gradually grown to be recognized as an objectionable limitation of national rights on national soil—and to become a member of a Christian Church has come to be regarded as a cloak for illegal doings rather than as a guarantee of good conduct. It is in connection with these matters that there is room for action of a kind that shall prevent abuses and yet retain rights—room for reform.

Extra-territoriality is an invaluable privilege to begin with, but while it is a treaty right which, once obtained—

and it has been obtained in China—should not be surrendered without full and adequate reason, it constitutes such an interference with sovereignty that it ought not to be retained a moment longer than circumstances justify its retention, and, as long as it operates, the Government conceding it is entitled, on the one hand, to assurances that the adoption of appropriate measures will eventually procure its cancellation, and, on the other, to the fullest protection against any abuse of it while it lasts. China can, and in practice does construe the privilege largely and liberally; on the other hand, those who enjoy it may be fairly expected to take care that a similarly liberal construction on their side is not allowed to interfere with the enforcement of any Chinese right not barred by it if construed simply and literally as a right. Attention to this point, and in this sense, would do much to neutralize whatever distaste the Chinese Government has for foreign intercourse, and would to the same extent strengthen the government *vis-à-vis* its own people in its duty to protect foreigners, albeit their removal from Chinese jurisdiction suggests in some quarters that aliens ought not to look for protection to a government whose jurisdiction their interpretation of extra-territoriality seems occasionally to defy. The Chinese Government may have had some difficulty in getting out of the groove in which it had run for ages and in looking on treaty powers as in any way differing from tributary states, but its rights are nevertheless entitled to the tribute of recognition, and such recognition is a practical duty and in no way implies subordination. The sting of such an exacted concession as extra-territoriality is not one of those which time will deaden; on the contrary, every continued year of its existence—every advance in power or knowledge intensifies it. It is a gift

which sooner or later must be returned or withdrawn. Meanwhile, might it not be well to encourage the Chinese Government to build Court-houses at treaty ports for Consular use, and permit Chinese judges acquainted with the language of the court to sit with Consuls in judicial cases, and encourage duly qualified lawyers of Chinese origin to practice there, so that materials might be collected for framing a code of laws and fitting men be trained for the legal work China will have to take over when extra-territoriality lapses and jurisdiction over aliens is undertaken? Some such action as this would gain goodwill even if only authorized, and would educate and enlighten if availed of.

As far as commercial intercourse is concerned it may at once be recognized that the stipulations foreigners required China to accept were for the moment and under the circumstances as fitting and as fair as either experience or foresight could devise, and that the general outcome has been, for China, benefit much more than damage. But some of these stipulations have the defects of their qualities; in as far as they were dictated by the foreigner after victory, all were distasteful, and, just in proportion to the haste with which they were drawn up and assented to, some were of a nature which, on the foreign side, obscured the perception of rights they infringed, and, on the Chinese, failed to take into account the effect their operation would have on existing interests, requirements and practice. Transit rights, coasting trade, Inland-waters Steam-Navigation are the items demanding attention.

Under the transit system foreign goods going inwards and native produce coming outwards are freed from all local charges in return for payment of a Transit due; this stipulation is imperfect, and so far as it is imperfect is open to abuse. Four things are neces-

sary in this connection, namely, 1.^o either to define a radius at each treaty port within which liability to Transit dues cannot be contracted, or better—seeing that even in the ports themselves local taxation obtains—require all Imports to pay Transit dues simultaneously with Import duties, and give them the choice between local and inland Passes—2.^o to let it be clearly known that Passes for places inland protect only to the place named, and that, once arrived there and the Pass cancelled, the goods concerned lose their protected character and are thenceforth liable, like other goods of the same kind, to the incidence of local taxation—3.^o to elaborate a regulation by which only goods for foreign export shall travel outwards under the protection of Transit documents, and thus prevent abuse of the transit privilege and evasion of local charges by native produce circulating only in China and not intended for export foreign—4.^o whatever privileges of transit foreign merchants enjoy, the same privileges to be enjoyed by Chinese merchants transporting the same kind of goods and engaged in the same kind of trade, so that all may have similar, and none be exposed to the hardship or temptation of differential, treatment.

The Coasting trade was thrown open to British vessels in return for assistance in suppressing the Taiping rebellion, and thence accrued to all other treaty powers under the "most favored nation" clause; this concession ruined many Chinese junk-owners and has been the cause of much bitter complaint and ill-feeling, but it has done much to repress piracy along the coast, promote inter-provincial traffic and movement, and enrich those whom circumstances have allowed to take advantage of new openings, and, as the time of transition has now gone by, there are only two suggestions to be offered as affecting the future, namely,

1.^o that goods conveyed in foreign bottoms coastwise ought not to pay lighter duties than similar goods in Chinese vessels, and 2.^o that, the trade being strictly speaking a native Chinese home-trade, the tariff of Coast duties ought to be subject to such changes as the Chinese Government sees fit from time to time to introduce.

Apropos of Coasting trade it may be remarked that most countries object to aliens taking part in it and that it is therefore instructively illustrative of a singular quality—official gratitude—when China allows it to be shared in by others to the disadvantage of certain of her own traders. To show with what jealousy home rights are elsewhere guarded, one has only to point to the trade between San Francisco and Honolulu; five years ago all flags could carry goods and passengers between those two ports, but now it is only the American that can do either.

Inland-waters Steam-Navigation is the latest commercial concession China has made to foreign trade. Comparatively little is known about such waters as regards either their depth or the junk traffic they carry. The foreigners who support the concession expect it will give considerable and increasing employment to foreign bottoms, open up new markets for foreign goods and new outlets for native produce, and, stimulating both consumption and production, facilitate circulation of merchandise and movement of travellers, increase revenue and repress river piracy. On the other hand, Chinese who criticize it, while allowing that there may be some gains, fear it will damage existing junk and boat traffic, introduce fresh elements of disorder, give new reasons for foreign interference in the interior, and cause fresh embarrassment for provincial revenue and administration; does any other country allow alien flags on inland waters, they ask, and how about

jurisdiction generally, and over the Chinese crews of such foreign vessels inland in particular? Both sides are right in their views, but, the concession having been made, it only remains to shape it in such a way that the foreigner's hope of profit may be realized and the Chinaman's fear of detriment provided against. Certain Chinese officials favored the idea as a step in the direction of progress, but their original intention was simply to permit steamers to do what native junks and boats do, subject to necessary conditions connected with the double status of certain places that are both treaty ports and inland marts and the necessity for distinguishing between Provincial and Imperial finance, and it was hoped that experience and time would develop appropriate procedure. At the outset, too, an additional complication came up—extra-territorial status and treatment was wanted for foreign bottoms and their cargoes, and the result has been that neither side is satisfied, the foreigner not getting all he wants and the native having to allow more than he was prepared to grant. In this connection five suggestions may be made: 1.° each treaty port ought to be recognized as the centre of an inland-water district, and steamers should be registered there for trade as a rule in that district only—2.° a special regulation ought to be drawn up for guidance in case the steamers of one district enter or pass through the waters of another—3.° the local tariff and the regulations for moving steamers, handling cargo, and paying duties ought to be separately drawn up for each such district, uniformity being observed as far as possible, but local peculiarities and requirements being also specially and fully provided for—4.° the question of jurisdiction over vessels and crews while inland to be specially determined—5.° all such local or district regulations

to be approved of by the Governors of the Provinces concerned. In this way the trade would secure all such rights, privileges and facilities as could be fairly demanded or safely conceded, and, local and provincial requirements having been duly consulted and provincial approval formally obtained, difficulties attending the appearance of foreign flags inland might be obviated, trade protected, and benefit secured.

The treaties deal with another matter of undying interest and infinite importance—the missionary question. They all provide for liberty to teach and practise Christianity, and for the protection of missionaries; further, the French treaty stipulates that no Chinese shall be forbidden to embrace Christianity—the American, that Chinese converts will not be molested—and the British, that, peaceably pursuing their calling and not offending against the Laws, they shall be entitled to the protection of the Chinese authorities; but whether it be that the acceptance and practice of foreign teaching, involving various departures from local custom, offend neighbors, or that black sheep among Church members abuse their position and yet find protection against local officials either in the fact or as a concomitant of that membership, or that missionaries themselves interfere philanthropically but injudiciously with local jurisdiction and old-established customs, it is everywhere said that, treaty recognition notwithstanding, propagandism is not eyed favorably by the official world, and it is well known that local rioting of the most serious description has been recorded at the scene of missionary labor.

Our Master's last command was to go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature; Christian communities will therefore never cease to produce and support Evangelists, and volunteers will ever be found for

stations demanding more than even "forlorn hope" fortitude and devotion. There is no closer link than our faith and Christians will ever feel the most commanding sympathy for one another and there will always be many heedless of the rebuke an appeal to the sword elicited after the kiss of Judas, who would unhesitatingly vote for armed intervention on behalf of the brethren a pagan government seeks to crush or a pagan population to persecute.

Further, of all the forces that have ever operated on human nature, there has been and is none which, vivifying and quickening the centre—the heart of man itself, influences personal, family, social and national life so powerfully and so thoroughly as Christianity—and influences it in the direction of all that is good and beneficial; men whose very honesty forbids them to accept Christian revelation, but brought up in Christian lands and, whether they admit it or not, themselves the product of Christian influences, recognize the existence of this wonderful power—this power for the world's good, quite as much as believers, and, too, would probably be as unlikely to counsel wholesale prohibition or a too fettering restriction of missionary effort as the fondest votary of missions himself.

But the jurists who formulate and interpret public law, and the statesmen who guide international relations and seek to preserve the peace of the world, are forced by a variety of adequate reasons to take a cold, business-like view of the matter, accept certain definitions of rights, and recognize limitations on the utility or expediency of intervention.

What then is the right stand to take in China on the missionary question?

The Chinese are not intolerant—neither government nor people. "Give up extra-territoriality," said the Grand Secretary Wên Hsiang, "and your mis-

sionaries may settle and teach wherever they like; if they can make people better than they are, the gain will be ours!" That very valuable right, extra-territoriality, is not likely to be given up for many a day, but what Wên Hsiang said goes to the root of the matter, and no power in the world can willingly encourage an *imperium in imperio*.

Missionaries have done most excellent work; they have preached the gospel—they have opened dispensaries and hospitals — they have established schools and colleges—they have founded Christian communities—they have studied native questions and enriched literature with published results—in short, in every direction that offered an opening for either instruction or benevolence, missionary activity has been at work—and yet they are objected to!

Roman Catholic Missions differ from all others—perhaps excel all others, in the fitness and completeness of their organization, in provision for and certainty of uninterrupted continuity, in the volume of the funds at their disposal and the sparing use of money individually, in the charitable work they do among the poor—nursing the sick, housing the destitute, rearing orphans, training children to useful trades, watching their people from cradle to grave, and winning the devotion of all by assisting them to realize that godliness is best for this world and has the promise of the next. The Sisters of Charity in particular, many of them the daughters of great families, labor with a touching sweetness and pathetic devotion that no language can adequately describe. Protestants work on other lines, but individualism and something that savors of competition rather than combination may be said to give them their color; zealous and conscientious all of them, perhaps confidence in the immeasurable superiority of his own church and tenets, meth-

od and teaching, may cause each to undervalue the momentum of joint effort, the equilibrium of continuity and the guidance of organization; unessential points of doctrinal difference—curious shades of social status—and the occasional disappearance of a good man here and there who quits the mission field to take up some other line of duty are not without their effect on the sympathies of foreigners and the opinion of natives, and yet all are apostolic and big-hearted, true workers in the same vineyard.

On the one hand, there is the Kingdom of Heaven, and on the other the Kingdoms of this world—what is the right course to steer? "Render therefore unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's and unto God the things that are God's!" says our Master, and there it is that His own teaching opens to evangelists the providential way and supplies full directions—will bystanders learn the lesson or will they marvel and go their way? The missionary question is a difficulty, the solution of which might be helped by attention to the words quoted—words which suggest the distinction between essentials and non-essentials; to make the two part and parcel of the same initial program is to endanger each—to avoid the second and aim only at the first will in the end gain both. Needless to say what the essentials are—the less that is added to or taken from Our Lord's own words, the better; and as for the non-essentials—they are simply everything else. What is desirable is to make the Chinese a Christian people, but, in doing so, the less they are otherwise sought to be changed, the better probably for all concerned; the European Christian may loll and cross his legs—the Chinese must continue to sit square—the European may trim his hair and beard to suit his taste—the Chinese must shave his head and wear a pig-tail—the European may give his

arm to his wife or waltz with his friend's daughter—the Chinese must avoid all such familiarities—the European will date his letters according to the New Style and the Christian Era—the Chinese will use the Cyclic characters or the Reigning Sovereign's style; distinctions of this sort might be enumerated *ad infinitum*, each one of them having its special value, necessity and obligation according to the nationality concerned, but not one of them having any more to do with the salvation of a soul or the Kingdom of Heaven than the shape of a nose, the size of a foot, or the color of an eye. Christianize but do not Westernize, is in fact what each missionary should aim at, lest he lade men with grievous burdens and hinder them that are entering; if people's hearts can be won for the Church, whatever else is befitting or deserving of praise will in due time follow—naturally, healthily and abundantly, whereas, if men are required or even encouraged prematurely to do these other things, trouble for themselves will result and needless opposition to the general cause, for it is ever the petty, debatable side-issues rather than the real fundamental principles which create dissension and obstacle. The many excellent things that Christian philanthropy is busied with can scarcely be over-estimated, but latitude or longitude have much to do with them, and although they are the evidences of its existence and the outcome of its power, they are not Christianity itself; this it is that the missionary is commissioned to teach, and this it is which has the promise of the Master's presence alway, even unto the end of the world. Things being as they are in China, might it not be well for a missionary in China to pay more attention to, and be guided by, the fundamental distinction between essentials and non-essentials, and resist every temptation to de-localize a neighborhood or denationalize an

individual? But, above all things, he should refuse absolutely to intervene in litigation or official business in any form or shape, and he should teach his people to outdo the pagan in reverence of law, support of authority and avoidance of offence.

At inland places in particular the exteriors of mission buildings and churches ought to be of purely native architecture, and care should be taken to avoid offending the feelings of neighbors by either erecting objectionably lofty structures or building on sites not freely assented to. Further, converts ought to be taught to realize and remember that church membership does not make them cease to be Chinese subjects, and that as good Christians, they are all the more bound to obey laws, submit to officials and live peaceably. The treaties now to be re-arranged or re-affirmed might perhaps have the missionary stipulation re-worded so as to make it plain to all that loyal recognition of Chinese law, scrupulous adherence to essentials, unvarying abstention from intervention in official business and avoidance of action calculated to give offence are expected from missionary and convert as a duty to the State which tolerates propagandism within its borders, and in the interest of local quiet and friendly international relations. In the interior, too, the local magistrate ought to be encouraged to visit mission premises, and it should be clearly understood that all such inland stations are always open to official inspection.

Finally, if there is anything that commends itself to the Chinese mind it is reciprocity; the treaties placed before China for acceptance ought to contain something more than the setting forth of the privileges conceded to foreigners in China. A special article, for instance, added to each treaty to the effect that Chi-

nese in the country concerned are to have "most favored nation" treatment would suffice. What made the unratified Alcock Convention of 1868 so acceptable in China was not any advantage therefrom accruing, but the reciprocity of its form.

Such changes as are suggested in the various connections dwelt on in the paragraphs that precede would deprive foreigners in China of neither the rights nor the privileges they enjoy under existing treaties, while they would go far to silence the objections of critics and secure friendly acceptance of intercourse by people and effective protection by authorities. China has a future and some day or other in that future, apart from what nature provides in climate as a defence, China will be powerful; is that powerful future to be friendly or the reverse? Today's doings will do much to decide! In 1862, when sent to consult the first Marquis Tseng—the illustrious Tseng Kuo Fan—about some important points affecting foreign relations, that great man said—"Such things are for the Yamên (Foreign office) to negotiate and decide, and for myself and other provincial authorities to give effect to; but, as the Prince wishes for my views, here they are—Say that whatever is good for foreigners and also good for China will be supported by me, that whatever is good for foreigners and not harmful to China will not be opposed by me, but that, no matter how good a thing may be for foreigners, if it is in any way harmful to China, I will die rather than submit to it!" This is the official spirit the West has to deal with in China, and public opinion will endorse its fairness, frankness and patriotism; such being the case, Chinese conditions, views and requirements ought to be thoroughly studied, and no measure proposed to them for acceptance—much less forced upon them for execution—which is not rea-

sonable and right in itself and reciprocally advantageous. Some say it is the Manchu who is our enemy, others that it is the Chinaman; this point is of little importance—the really important thing is to make both friends. Some again say that force has always produced satisfactory results, and weakness the reverse; it may have been so, but will it always be so? That is the point! What is really important at all times, and more especially at this stage of intercourse, and for the future, is reasonableness, considerateness, recognition of the other side of the case, and reciprocal benefit—is that too much to claim?—and is it not as much in the interest of foreigners as Chinese? Every State in proportion to its strength looks to its might for the enforcement of what it considers its rights or even its aspirations; China is the most pacific and least aggressive of States, and it will be good policy to allow her to go on developing in that direction and not make it necessary for her to be otherwise. Reasonableness does not exclude dictation, but dictation, more than anything else, ought to be not only justifiable, but reasonable; difference of views does not necessarily mean unreasonableness—it is the wrong view that is unreasonable; a friendly, even if protracted, interchange of views is the only security for mutual understanding, mutual goodwill and mutual benefit. The Chinese is, after all, a man, and the best way to get on well with him is to treat him as a man ought to be treated.

* * * * *

Ever since the days when Wingrove Cooke, whom I met at Ningpo in 1857, wrote his brilliant letters to "The Times" it has been the fashion, and even axiomatic, to pooh-pooh the views of the "twenty years in China and speak the language" man. This is not surprising. On the other hand, and perhaps even less to be wondered at,

the globe-trotter who runs round the world on a six-months' holiday is speedily enthroned as an authority; fresh from Europe or America, and rushing from point to point, he carries away first impressions in all their sharpness, reproduces in all its vividness what his eyes have seen and what he thinks his ears have heard, and, having had a glance at the surface, is at no loss either for language to word-paint it or for explanations of what makes it and works under it. The old resident loses touch with home—grows accustomed to native equivalents for foreign essentials—finds that in many ways "to do at Rome as Rome does" agrees best with local requirements—becomes interested in language and people, and sympathizes with the desire to retain this and the unwillingness to substitute that—and the longer his studies last, the more puzzling does the problem become and the more unacceptable to others his ideas, so unique is this development we style Chinese civilization, and so curious this black-haired race; he can however, lay claim to one virtue, and that is, that, if he does take courage and publish, he gives his views simply for what they are worth—he does not dogmatize, but, knowing from how many standpoints this many-sided question may be approached and discussed, makes room for, and gives hearty welcome to, more light, from whatever quarter it comes.

The Chinese question will neither disappear nor decrease in importance, and it is therefore worth while to endeavor to penetrate beneath the surface and ascertain why the works cause the hands to move in what foreign eyes consider an erratic or abnormal way on the face of the cyclic dial; the result may perhaps be the discovery of a regulator to render as good service in its line as the safety valve and the steam gauge do in theirs. In any case it will do no harm to attain clear views

as to what it is we want to get in China; What is it?—have we a right to it?—Is it worth getting?—can we get it?—how can we get it with the least injury to others, or rather with the greatest profit both to others and to ourselves? To forecast may, as Mr. Freeman-Mitford very justly objects, “stiffen,” but yet it does not necessarily provide a program; it may simply be the limning of the shadow of a something that exists—the outline of a possibility worth remembering and dispelling, even if the chances are a million to one against its survival and activity. The explanations, criticisms and suggestions contained in this and preceding papers¹ have no other object than to assist in the advancement of a better understanding between China and the West, to their mutual advantage.

Just as I pen the last words Chinese telegraphists at Si-an are flashing the full text of a reform edict to every part of the Empire. Its form and manner of stating the question are essentially Chinese, but its meaning is obvious, and it may be epitomized thus:—

Principles shine like sun and star, and are immutable: practice is a lute-string, to be tuned and changed. Dynasties cancel one procedure and substitute another; succeeding reigns fall in line with the times and conform to their requirements. Laws, when antiquated, lose fitness and must be amended, to provide for the security of the State and the welfare of the people.

For decades, things have gone from bad to worse in China, and what calamity has been the result! But, now

that peace is on the eve of being re-established, reform must be taken in hand. The Empress-Dowager sees that what China is deficient in can be best supplied from what the West is rich in and bids Us make the failures of the past Our teachers for the conduct of the future.

The so-called reforms of the Kang gang have not been less mischievous than the excesses of the hybrid Boxers, and beyond the seas he is still intriguing; he makes a show of protecting Emperor and people, but in reality he is trying to create Palace dissension!

The fact is such changes mean anarchy and not good government, and lucky it is that her Majesty came to Our rescue and in a twinkling arranged matters. If anarchy was thrust aside, let it not be thought Her Majesty forbade reform. If We Ourselves were intending changes, let it not be supposed We meant to sweep away all that was old! No—Our common desire was to select the good which lay between; mother and son are of one mind—let officials and people fall in line!

The Empress-Dowager has decided to push on reform and, as a preliminary, sets aside such hampering distinctions as ancient and modern, native and foreign; whatever is good for State or for people, no matter what its origin, is to be adopted—whatever is bad is to be cast out, no matter what be its antiquity.

Our national fault is that we have got into a rut, hard to get out of, and are fettered by red-tape, just as difficult to untie; bookworms are too numerous, practical men too scarce; incompetent red-tapists grow fat on mere forms, and officials think that to pen a neat despatch is to dispose of business. Old fossils are continued too long in office, and openings are blocked for men possessing the talents and qualifications the times require. One word accounts for the weakness of the Gov-

¹ 1. The Peking Legations: a National Uprising and International Episode (Fortnightly: November, 1900, and Cosmopolitan: December, 1900).

2. China and her Foreign Trade (North American Review: January, 1901).

3. China and Reconstruction (Fortnightly: January, 1901).

4. China and Non-China (Fortnightly: February, 1901).

5. The Boxers; 1900 (Cosmopolitan and Deutsche Revue: March, 1901).

Published in one Volume under title of These from the Land of Sinim (Chapman & Hall).

ernment—selfishness, and another for the decadence of the Empire—precedent. All this must be changed!

Those who have studied Western methods have so far only mastered a smattering of language, something about manufacture, a little about armaments; but these things are merely the skin and hair—they do not touch the secret of Western superiority—breadth of view in chiefs, concentration in subordinates, good faith in undertakings, and effectiveness in work. Our own Sage's fundamental teachings—these are at the bottom of Western method. China has been neglecting this, and has only been acquiring a phrase, a word, a chip, a quality; how expect people to be prosperous and State to be powerful?

Let the high officials at home and abroad report within two months on these points, and let each submit for our inspection what he really knows and what his experience really suggests! Let them compare native and foreign institutions and procedure, whether affecting Court, Administration, People, Education, or Military matters; let them say what is to be done away with, what is to be changed, what is to be added—what is to be adopted from others, what is to be developed from ourselves; let them advise how national reforms are to be made a success—how talent is to be encouraged and employed—how expenditure is to be provided for and controlled—how the soldiers are to be made what they ought to be!

After perusing their reports, We shall lay them before Her Majesty and then select the fittest proposals and

The Fortnightly Review.

give real effect to those that are selected.

We have before now called for advice, but the responses were either concocted from newspaper sayings or the shallow suggestions of Dryasdusts, this one opposed to that and none of them useful or to the point. What We call for now is something that shall be practical and practicable.

But even more important than measures, are men; let men of ability be sought out, brought forward and employed!

What must be insisted on as a principle is that self shall be nothing, and public duty everything, and, as procedure, that the real requirements of real affairs shall be so dealt with as to recognize fact and secure practical result. Hereafter, let the right men be selected, and let high and low co-operate!

We Ourselves and the Empress-Dowager have long cherished these ideas, and now the time has come to put them in force. Whether the State is to be safe or insecure, powerful or feeble, depends on this. If officials continue to trifle, the statutes will be applied. Let all take note!

The reform edict as above epitomized is forcible and promising. With the Emperor at the helm and the Empress-Dowager supplying the motive power prestige conserves, the Ship of State will take a new departure and the order of the day will be Full Steam Ahead!

Robert Hart.

TO-MORROW.

A dream-craft, rose-hued as the dawn,
Glad ferry for far Lotus land,
It barely greets To-day's dull strand—
Then slips its moorings and is gone.

Mildred I. McNeal.

Pall Mall Magazine.

A LONDONER'S LOG-BOOK.

I.

Like Mr. Matthew Arnold, I am a "feeble unit" of the Great Middle Class and I dwell among my own people. The district of Suburbia in which stress of financial weather has compelled me to seek anchorage is inhabited exclusively by the Middle Class. Our only link with the much-loved aristocracy of our native land is the Dowager Lady Farringford who lives in one of the large houses in Stucco Gardens. It is a rather rusty link, for Lady Farringford's (like the owl's in Gray's "Elegy") is an "ancient solitary reign." She must be getting on in years, for it will be remembered that she once met Lother at dinner at Mr. Putney Giles's—she, at any rate, has not forgotten it—but her natural force is not abated, and her social sway is still acknowledged by the inhabitants of Stucco Square, Stucco Street and Upper and Lower Stucco Place. As to the solitariness of her reign, she probably likes it, feeling (with John Wesley) that there is "no hurt," but rather great advantage, in "an authority which I exercise solely, with no colleagues therein." The appearance of a second coronet in the Gardens would seriously disturb Lady Farringford's equanimity. By destroying her solitariness, it would shake her authority. But at present she has to encounter no rival titles more formidable than those of Lady Le Draughte (widow of the famous accoucheur Sir Grosvenor le Draughte); an ex-Lady Mayoress; and the derelict wife of a K.C.I.E.

Turning from the summit to the base of the social edifice, I note that our parish contains no poor, unless the dependent classes who grow parasitically on the seedy splendor of Stuccovia can

be dignified by that name. This is quite as well; for, if we had any poor, they would fare badly in a district where social claims on narrow incomes leave little margin for almsgiving, and where the Church directs its efforts towards culture rather than comfort. Last year our Vicar—the Rev. Lancelot Ludovic Soulsby, for I love to write his name at full length, yielding to pietistic pressure, organized a Parochial Mission, but conducted it on lines peculiarly his own. He obtained his missionaries from the Kyrle society, and they preached on the Social Gospel of Aestheticism to an audience composed of maidservants and laundresses, with two helpers from the livery-yard, and the jobbing gardener who looks after the Square. The Mission, though unattended by any visible effect on the ethics of the parish, left one permanent memorial in the shape of a Parochial Men's Club and Institute. In this "temple of luxury and ease" (to quote Mr. Gladstone's description of what the National Liberal Club was *not* to be) alcoholic drinks and smoking are forbidden, and cards discountenanced. But there is a "Saturday Social" of music, readings and lemonade; and physical culture is represented by a boxing-class, where anæmic clerks and shuffling shopmen pay an annual subscription for the privilege of being knocked down by the curate.

In brief, as I said at the beginning, our parish is a stronghold of the Middle Class. We are well aware that it is the fashion to laugh at us. We have never forgotten that Charles Kingsley (who was one of us) turned against us, declaring that the House of Lords contained all the genius and all the virtue of the country, and that it would soon monopolize all the beauty. This

rankled; and before we had recovered from the smart, we were assailed in the opposite quarter, and were told by eloquent canons that true hearts were only found in slums, and that the possession of a fixed income was incompatible with moral rectitude. Now, like the reforming Lord Grey, "I stand by my order" (though a humbler one than his Lordship's), and I profess that dispositions as kindly, and consciences as tender, and principles as strict may be found in Suburbia and Stuccovia as in Mayfair or Bethnal Green. Our participation in the national mourning was as genuine as that of the aristocracy or the democracy, and helped to explain Lord Salisbury's cryptic remark that, if he wanted to know what the Middle Class thought, he applied to the Queen for information. Sorrow makes people sincere, and grief ennobles them. The Middle Class is seen at its best in mourning. But there comes an end to all things—even to the obsequies and panegyrics of a peerless Queen—and in the reaction from grief, I confess that we did not show to equal advantage.

The Vicar's lecture on the Historical Basis of Punch and Judy, with lime-light illustrations (for the benefit of the Parochial Club), has been postponed indefinitely. Mrs. Soulsby has given up her Thursday At Homes till after Easter, and has crowned her parlor-maid's cap with a black bow of unusual dimensions. This is our way of observing Court mourning, and is copied from the crape band which encircles the arm of Lady Farringford's footman. All this is as it should be; but though ceremonial tea-drinking is abandoned, we come together, as it were fortuitously, in the Vicarage drawing-room. Generally the curate, Mr. Bumpstead—"Blazer Bumpstead," as his Oxford friends call him—and I are the only representatives of our sex, and we chivalrously replenish the samovar, and hand sugared cakes to the paro-

chial ladies of St. Ursula's, Stucco Gardens. "A foolish saint, my dear," grunts old Lady Farringford, "with her eleven thousand virgins. She would have done much better with half the number of young men." Well, the eleven thousand, or some of them, with their mothers and married sisters, drop in to tea at the Vicarage in spite of the formal abandonment of the At Homes, and their conversation shows a marked reaction from the gloom of last month. "Where did you go to see the procession?" "Mr. Bounderley gave us such good places at his club." "I thought the King looked so ill." "Did you? We thought he looked much better than when we saw him at the garden-party." "Oh! we shall have plenty of chances of seeing him again. I could only look at the Emperor. How splendid he looked! and it was so nice of him to come." "Yes," interjects a Cambridge friend of the Vicar's, who had just slipped in, "he is quite the nicest Emperor I know. I once sat between him and Mommsen at dinner at Potsdam, and, do you know, I found myself all the time talking to the Emperor—he was then prince—in preference to the professor."

Here, as the conversation began to soar dangerously high, we Stuccovians turned hastily to less exalted but safer themes. "Will there be Drawing-rooms after Easter?" "Well, I have a cousin in the Lord Chamberlain's office who said he shouldn't be surprised if there were." "She had them, I believe; but then it was only an uncle, and that makes such a difference." "Well, I don't mean to go this year, anyhow. I shall wait till my girl comes out. Dear Lady Farringford offers to present her, and of course it would be much cheaper—only one train instead of two—but I really think I must make an effort and go. It will be such a happiness to see the dear child and the King together." "Will

he kiss her?" "Well, that's what I want to know. Lady Le Draughte says she was kissed by King William." "Really! I always knew she must be rather old, but had no idea she remembered William the Third." "William the Fourth, mamma; how can you be so absurd?" "Well, I said William the Fourth, didn't I? And in those days they had Drawing-rooms in the evening. George the Fourth did—or was it George the Third?" "How much nicer that must have been! I wonder if the new King will go back to them. What do you think, dear Lady Farringford? You understand these things so well." "Well, some of the women would be very thankful for the change, I know that. Those made-up complexions, like Mrs. Bounderley's, look terrible in the daylight."

Thus flows the sparkling stream of question, answer and exclamation; and the male mind involuntarily reverts to Mr. Gilbert's couplet:—

Though I'm anything but clever,
I could talk like this forever;

but presently the stream curves into a new channel. Dress becomes the topic. Our visitor from Cambridge, who is a bachelor, comes out strong on drapery and chitons. "Oh! a mourning Drawing-room will be excellent. All women look their best in black; all girls in white. Mrs. Soulsby, I *hope* you'll go, and do give a Drawing-room tea after it. I should so love to see you in black, with jet, like Night." And then the floodgates are opened and a deluge of millinery carries all before it. Mr. Soulsby slips in for his cup of peptonized milk, and is "oppressively bland and fond" as he greets his friend from Cambridge. "Blazer" Bumpstead thinks it is time for him to go and prepare, by a breather on his bicycle, for the pastoral duty of pounding a draper's assistant at the parochial club, and I go

forth companionless to leave a card on our local M.P., Mr. Bounderley, whose name was heard in the above-reported dialogue.

Mr. Bounderley is one of the mysteries of politics; and I—alas! an idle man—have devoted some time and care to the work of ascertaining what he was and how he came to be where he is.

By the device of comparing Dod's Parliamentary Companion with the Pall Mall Guide to the House of Commons—or, in other words, what our Member would have us believe about him with what his detractors allege—I have arrived at certain conclusions. Joseph Barrington Bounderley was the son of Joseph Bounderley of Newington Butts, by a daughter of — Barrington, Esq. He was born in 1840, and educated at University College School. He seems to have gone early into the City, and to have reached an important position in a house which, in the sixties, had practically a monopoly of the clay-pipe and dolls'-eyes business. In 1875 he emulated that good apprentice who founded the Ducal House of Leeds, and married his master's daughter; nor is this wonderful, for although his figure has run to seed, he is still *très bel homme*, with a waxed moustache and an ensanguined complexion. Soon after his marriage he deserted Newington for the more eligible locality of Stuccovia, then first raising its head amid cabbage-beds and market gardens. In the year of his translation he took the decisive step of dropping "Joseph" from his signature, and has since been known to his friends and the world as "J. Barrington Bounderley." Of late he has developed a hyphen between the names, and his wife is Mrs. Barrington-Bounderley, to the unspeakable indignation of Lady Farringford, who "remembers them when they came, my dear. No one would speak to them in those days. He

was something in the City—no human being knew what. She was a pawnbroker's daughter, and her fortune was made out of teaspoons. At least that's what people said. Of course, it mayn't be true, and one should never repeat that kind of story; but really when I hear them calling themselves *Barrington-Bounderley*, and pretending to be cousins of dear Eric Barrington, I cannot restrain myself."

Once domiciled in Stucco Street, Mr. Barrington-Bounderley lost no opportunity of establishing his position. He volunteered to carry the plate in church (colored almsbags had not then been introduced), and not seldom he presided at Penny Readings. He entered public life by the lowly door of the Vestry, and conquered more worlds by becoming a member of the Metropolitan Board of Works, of the Metropolitan Asylums Board and of the School Board for London. As time went on his neighbors noticed that he went less and less to the City; and a rumor went abroad that the business (whether it was clay pipes or teaspoons) had been turned into a company, and that Mr. Bounderley had benefited by the conversion. As he went less and less to business, he went more and more to Boards. The creation of the London County Council was a fine opportunity. He became one of the representatives of our district, and his great speech on the "Quality of the Underclothing supplied to the Metropolitan Fire Brigade" was published as a pamphlet, with a commendatory note, which ran something like this:—

"Berkeley Square: Tuesday.

"Dear Bounderley:—You have handled this difficult and delicate matter with excellent tact and skill. You have soothed the public sensitiveness, without wounding the manhood of the Brigade. I pledge myself to the truth of every word in your pamphlet, and

wish it the widest circulation. Neither our flannels nor our empire must be suffered to shrink.

"Yours,
"R."

It now became evident, even to the dullest onlooker, that Mr. Bounderley meditated some decisive move. "Never tell me that he cared for schools, or drains, or hospitals," cried Lady Farringford. "I always said all that was imposture. What he cares about is getting on. And that odious woman would give her eyes to be an M.P.'s wife." *Rem acu tetigisti*, dear Lady Farringford. Mr. Barrington-Bounderley had resolved to write himself M.P., and Mrs. Barrington-Bounderley saw her way to challenging your social supremacy in Stuccovia. When first he dwelt among us, Mr. Bounderley was not known to have any political opinions. "My interest is in social work," he would say; and the statement endeared him to the elect spirits who gathered round Mrs. Soulsby's tea-table. But when repeated elections had demonstrated beyond a doubt that Conservatism had got Suburbia, in Australian phrase, "by the wool," Mr. Barrington-Bounderley disclosed his interior convictions. He was a Progressive Conservative. As such he joined our Constitutional and Unionist Association, and soon put new life into a rather somnolent concern. Before long he was its president; and Mrs. Barrington-Bounderley superseded Lady Farringford as Dame Dominant of the Primrose League. "Not that I mind," said the dowager; "I always thought the whole business vulgarity itself; and the subscriptions were endless. It is just the thing for people like the Bounderleys—jobbery by means of snobbery!"

The plans were well laid, and the psychological moment was at hand. Our good old member, General Tufto,

injudiciously made a night of it at the Conservative Club, on the occasion of a dinner to Mr. Arthur Balfour; and "gout, flying upward, soared with him to another clime." The vacancy occurred suddenly. Neither side was prepared with a candidate. Three members of the Constitutional Association met with closed doors, and implored Mr. Barrington-Bounderley to stand.

His address came out next morning. He was profoundly attached to our great institutions in Church and State, and would resist to the last any attempt to dismember the Empire. He would support the Crown, the House of Lords and the Established Church as the surest guarantees of popular freedom. He was keenly in favor of better Housing for the Poor, and would throw his whole heart into Social Reform. At the same time, we must be careful that philanthropic zeal should not lead to increase of fiscal burdens; and, while earnestly deprecating the evils of intemperance, he would never consent to interfere with the legitimate enjoyments of the toiling masses. So vote for Barrington-Bounderley.

**BOUNDERLEY AND THE UNION!
BOUNDERLEY AND BETTER TIMES!
BOUNDERLEY AND AN OPEN BIBLE!
BOUNDERLEY AND PURE BEER!**

The contest was short, sharp and decisive. The Liberals, stunned by this sudden thunderbolt, could not find a candidate. The Social Democrats, in back parlor assembled, ran a crystal-souled enthusiast who polled six votes, and was shortly afterwards convicted of cheating the Metropolitan Railway Company out of a three-penny fare.

Barrington-Bounderley was returned triumphantly. Lord Salisbury sent him a telegram of congratulation; and the

Constitutional cause was saved. Since that memorable day the seat has not been challenged; and it is but bare justice to say that our Member works hard to keep it. His life is one long public meeting. He never leaves a letter unanswered. He subscribes to every benevolent object. Though, as an enemy discovered, he deals at the Stores, he has stated in a public address that (like General Goldsworthy) he employs "thirty-three local tradesmen." He toils like a galley-slave to get his constituents into the gallery of the House of Commons, and he gives their wives strawberries and tea on the terrace. At Christmas each of us receives a triptych of white and gold, which, being opened, discloses Mr. and Mrs. Barrington-Bounderley simpering at one another across a Union Jack. Mrs. Barrington-Bounderley's *Crèche*, Mrs. Barrington-Bounderley's Innocuous Sweets-Shop, Mrs. Barrington-Bounderley's School of Popular Callisthenics, Mrs. Barrington-Bounderley's Ladies' Association for Reforming Workhouse Bonnets, are among the most valued and most popular institutions, not only of our parish, but of our borough. She has been presented at Court by the wife of a Cabinet Minister. She has written her name at Marlborough House, and bounded over the green sward of Buckingham Palace. Her neat little victoria (though horsed from the livery-yard in Stucco Mews West) has quite eclipsed that archaic landau which—for carriage-painters are expensive—still bears the arms of the late Lord Farringford; and her evening parties, graced by Taper, Tadpole, Mrs. Ranville-Ranville and the Stiltstalkings, are voted by the frivolous an improvement on Mrs. Soulsby's Thursday afternoons.

THE WARDEN OF THE MARCHES.

BY SYDNEY C. GRIER.

XX.

THE FORCES OF NATURE.

The days dragged slowly by in the beleaguered fort. The enemy's extraordinary dislike of coming to close quarters, and the consequent absence of direct attack, tried the endurance of the garrison sorely. It showed, no doubt, that the tribes retained a wholesome remembrance of past hand-to-hand encounters, and were now actuated rather by a desire for loot than by any fanatical hatred of British rule; but it showed also that their leaders believed they had abundance of time before them. Moreover, while Bahram Khan maintained the investment with a cynical contempt for the relieving force which did not appear, the numbers of the defenders were dwindling. The death-roll did not indeed increase by leaps and bounds, as would have been the case after a series of fierce assaults, but the relentless monotony of its daily growth was scarcely less terrible. Disease had obtained a firm foothold in the crowded courtyards and narrow passages, and the supply of medicines and disinfectants was as limited as that of food had proved to be. A sowar dropped here, a Sikh there, next two or three of the wretched Hindu refugees, then one of the wounded in the hospital, unable to resist the poisoned atmosphere of the place. The tiny patch of garden—once the despair of the Club committee because nothing but weeds would grow in it—which had been used as a cemetery, was soon over-full, and now silent burying parties stole down nightly to the water-gate, and were ferried across the canal

to conduct a hasty funeral on the opposite bank. Mabel and Flora will never forget the night they stood on the south rampart to see Captain Leyward's body carried out. He had been desperately wounded when he took command of the escort in the Akrah Pass, after Dick was struck down, and although Dr. Tighe was hopeful at first, it was not long before the case took an unfavorable turn. In order that the enemy should not discover these sallies of the garrison, the funeral rites were maimed indeed. There was no question of a band or a firing-party, and as it was not allowable even to use a lantern, Mr. Hardy repeated portions of the burial service from memory. The grave which had been hastily dug as soon as darkness came on, was made absolutely level with the surrounding sand as soon as it had been filled up. Its bearings were taken by compass in the hope of happier days to come, but no mark was placed over it, for to point out that a British officer lay there would have been to invite the desecration of the spot. The two girls watched the dark mass of figures melt into the blackness beyond the embankment, and strained their eyes in vain to catch a glimpse of the group round the grave. They could see and hear nothing until the sudden creaking of the ferry wires announced that the burial-party was returning, and soon afterwards Colonel Graham came up to the rampart and ordered them down to bed.

Mabel wondered very much what Georgla's thoughts were at this time. She never alluded to the wild impulse which had led her to try and leave the fort, but she seemed to shrink into her-

self, and liked to be left alone with the baby for hours. When her friends came to speak to her she displayed an impatience that surprised them, until at last, in a burst of contrition for the irritation she had shown, she explained that she was listening for Dick's voice. She could hear it sometimes when the baby and she were alone together, but if there were other people in the room, their voices seemed to drown it. "What did he say?" Mabel ventured to ask, awed by her sister-in-law's tone of absolute conviction, and Georgia confessed, with some disappointment, that he had not said anything in particular. It was as if they were just talking together as usual about things in general, and the conversation would break off abruptly, as if she was waking out of a dream. Mabel was disappointed also. If Dick could really speak to his wife from the dead, surely he would communicate his wishes about the boy's bringing-up, or some subject of similar importance; but this casual talk—what could it be but a delusion of Georgia's troubled brain, which could not distinguish between dreams and realities?

In the meantime, the reconnaissance which Fitz had made in company with Sultan Jan was not entirely destitute of results. The news that a mine was in course of construction had alarmed Colonel Graham more than he cared to show, although the most careful investigations possible in the circumstances went to prove that the tunnel had not at present reached the neighborhood of the walls. Runcorn, who took the matter very much to heart, regarding it as a proof that he had not been sufficiently on the alert, obtained permission to make a solitary reconnaissance on two successive nights, and managed on the second occasion to creep across the cleared space and up to the very walls of General Keeling's house. By dint of long and careful listening, with his

ear to the ground he satisfied himself that work was going on briskly, and that the tunnel was not yet nearly long enough to threaten the east curtain. After this he held much consultation with Fitz, and the two formulated a desperate scheme. They proposed to creep into the enemy's entrenchments, carrying with them a supply of explosives, and blow up the mine before it was carried any farther, destroying at the same time General Keeling's house, in the compound of which was the entrance shown to Fitz. The Colonel vetoed the plan promptly, but its inventors were not to be discouraged, and produced a fresh modification of it every day, until circumstances intervened with decisive effect to prevent its execution.

On a certain night Mabel awoke with the impression that she was passing anew through the most disagreeable experience of her voyage out—a gale in the Bay of Biscay. She could feel the ship trembling—it had been rolling just now—the passengers were screaming, and the wind seemed to be howling on all sides at once.

"A mast gone!" she said to herself, with a vague recollection of sea-stories read in youth, as she heard a fearful crash; "but the wind howls just as if we were on land. I wonder whether I had better try to get on deck? Why!—but how can we be on land?"

It was most confusing. She was awake now, and realized that the voyage had ended long ago, but it seemed impossible not to believe that she was still on board ship, for the floor was shaking when she stepped upon it, and the little square of gray darkness which marked the position of the window was wavering about just as a port-hole would naturally do in rough weather.

"Am I going mad?" Mabel demanded of herself, yielding to a sudden lurch, and sitting down unsteadily on the side

of her bed. "No, I am actually beginning to feel sea-sick—that must be real, at any rate. Why, it must be the mine!"—she sprang up, and threw on her dressing-gown and a cloak over it—"and what about Georgie and the boy?"

She tried to open her door, but the handle refused to act, and she was struggling with it frantically when she heard Mr. Hardy's voice calling to her from outside.

"Kick, please!" she cried through the keyhole. "I can't get it open."

A violent blow on the lower part of the door released the handle, at the same time that it sent Mabel staggering back into the room. In the semi-darkness she could dimly discern the old clergyman supporting himself by one of the pillars of the veranda, his white beard blowing hither and thither by the wind.

"Your sister and the baby!" he cried. "We must get them out. My wife has sent me to see that they are safe."

"What has happened?" gasped Mabel, as they made a dash side by side for Georgia's veranda.

"Our roof has fallen in. My wife is partially buried, but she won't let me do anything for her till Mrs. North is safe. What's this?"

A groan answered him, and the object over which he had stumbled proved to be Rahah, pinned to the ground by one of the beams from the veranda, which had struck her down and imprisoned her foot. Mr. Hardy and Mabel succeeded in releasing the foot, not, however, in response to any appeal on Rahah's part, for she entreated them incessantly to go and save the doctor lady and the Baba Sahib.

"We must carry her out on her bed," panted Mabel as they reached Georgia's door, which had shut with a bang after Rahah had rushed out to see what was the matter. Mr. Hardy forced it open with an effort of which Mabel would not have believed him capable, and

they found Georgia sitting up in bed with the baby clasped in her arms.

"Lie down again, Mrs. North, and hold the child tight," said Mr. Hardy cheerily, and he and Mabel seized the bedstead, and succeeded in dragging it to the door. Here, however, it stuck fast, and in the darkness they could not see what was the matter. To add to the horror of this delay the ominous shaking began again, and the fragments of wood and tiles began to clatter down from the part of the veranda which remained standing.

"Oh, what shall we do?" cried Mabel in an agony, as she pulled and pushed, and Mr. Hardy tugged and strained, without effect. "We must leave the bed and help her to walk."

"No, no," said a voice behind her, and she felt herself gently moved aside. "Take the boy and carry him into the middle of the yard, and we will manage this."

She obeyed unquestioningly, and saw Fitz strike a match which shed a flickering light on the scene. Extinguishing the light carefully, he called to Mr. Hardy to pull the bedstead back and turn it slightly, thus bringing it through the doorway without difficulty. They carried it out to the spot where Mabel was standing, and Fitz raced back immediately into the room to return with an umbrella and all the rugs he could lay hands upon.

"Hold it over her head. We shall have torrents of rain in a minute or two!" he cried, as he went to the help of Mr. Hardy, who was trying to lift Rahah away from the dangerous spot where she lay.

"Are there mines all round us?" asked Mabel in bewilderment, as they returned, just escaping the fall of another portion of the roof.

"Mines! This is an earthquake!" he called back, starting again to the relief of Mrs. Hardy, of whose uncomfortable

position her husband's stammering and excited accents had only just made him aware.

"Where is the Baba Sahib?" cried a frantic voice, and Ismail Bakhsh crawled up, bruised and dishevelled; "and what of my Memsahib?"

"Safe, fool!" answered Rahah contemptuously, as she sat nursing her injured foot, "and no thanks to thee."

"Peace, woman! Did not the veranda roof descend upon me as I sat beneath it, and did I not lie there senseless until I came to myself and fought my way out to help the Baba Sahib and his mother?"

"If you are able to move, Ismail Bakhsh, go and help the sahibs to dig out the Padri's Mem," said Georgia faintly, cutting short the squabble, and Ismail Bakhsh obeyed. Before very long the rescuers came back triumphant, in company with Anand Masih, who had refused to leave his mistress, even at her express command, and had succeeded before help came in removing a good deal of the weight that pressed upon her.

"Well, my dear, all's well that ends well," said Mrs. Hardy, hobbling up and dropping stiffly on a rug beside Georgia. "Hurt? Oh, nonsense!" in response to the anxious inquiries showered upon her; "bruised and knocked about a little, but that's all, and we ought to be very thankful that it's no worse. If those roofs hadn't been jer-ry-built, probably none of us would have escaped with our lives, but the beams were not solid enough, as I have often said. And now the worst is over, so we had better make ourselves as comfortable as we can here for the rest of the night."

But this consoling view of things proved to be premature, for even as Mrs. Hardy spoke, there came another long-drawn, moaning gust of wind, and the ground trembled slightly, then rocked.

"Couldn't we move to a safer place?" asked Mabel, for whom the sight of the shaking buildings round the little courtyard had an awful fascination. They seemed to her to be actually leaning towards her.

"There is no safer place inside the walls," said Fitz quickly.

"Will the wall over the canal stand this?" asked Mr. Hardy in a low voice of Fitz, who shook his head and raised his eyebrows, just as a stentorian voice rang out from the nearest tower.

"Come down, you fools! Don't you see that wall will go in a minute?"

"That's Woodworth calling down the Sikhs," explained Fitz with a smile that did him credit. "If a volcano opened at their very feet, they would stay where they were until they received orders to retire. How will it fall?" he muttered to Mr. Hardy.

"If it falls inwards, that will be the end of us," was the calm reply of Mrs. Hardy, who had caught the words.

"Heaven is as near to Khemistan as to England," said Mr. Hardy, laying his hand gently on Georgia's shoulder. She had started up wildly.

"I don't mind for myself; it's the boy!" she cried. "Oh, won't some one save him? What will Dick do when he comes back and finds no one left?"

"I would take him, Mrs. North, indeed I would, if I thought there was a better chance anywhere else," said Fitz, to whom her agonized eyes appealed; "but it would be much worse in the passages or under any roof. We are safer here than in most places."

"May God have mercy upon us all!" said Mr. Hardy solemnly as the ground began to rock so violently that they found it impossible to keep their feet. Half-kneeling, half-crouching, they waited. There was a moment of awful expectation, then a crash louder than any that had come before. To Mabel's eyes the dark line of wall visible above the roofs was slowly but surely

descending upon them, and horror seemed to freeze her blood. Without knowing it, she seized Fitz's hand, and clung to it desperately. It was a support to have any companionship at that dreadful moment, but she did not trouble to ask herself why she should suddenly feel safe, almost happy. And still the mass of wall hung poised above them for a long, long time—at least so it seemed, for no appreciable interval can in reality have elapsed; but at the same moment that it struck Mabel that the line against the sky was becoming lower instead of higher, some one called out: "It's falling the other way!" There was a sound which could only be likened to the simultaneous discharge of a whole battery of 81-ton guns, a shock which threw them all down, and immediately the air was thick with dust and pieces of brick and stone. When it had cleared a little they rubbed their eyes. The line of wall was gone.

Before any one could utter a word, down came the rain in torrents, and the baby relieved the strain of the situation by expressing his dissatisfaction at the very top of his voice. Every one else was at once conscious of a sense of guilt, and Ismail Bakhsh and Fitz, jumping up, set to work to contrive a shelter for his royal highness. Before very long he and his mother were packed away underneath the bed, with all the rugs and umbrellas that could be found arranged over, under, or around them, and when he had permitted himself to be comforted, the rest felt easier in their minds. Uncertain whether any further shocks were likely to occur, they durst not return to their rooms; but the matting which had been hung along the front of the veranda was supported on sticks to form a sort of tent, and under this they sat wishing for the day. Fitz hurried away when he had helped to erect the tent, saying that he might be needed

elsewhere, and Mabel was left to wonder whether his arm had really been round her when the wall fell. He had sheltered her afterwards from the flying fragments, that she knew, but her mind was not quite clear as to what had happened first.

Fortunately for the dwellers in the inner court, they did not in the least realize the extent of the damage caused by the earthquake, alarming though their own experiences had been. The whole south front of the fort now lay open to the enemy, for both lines of defence had simultaneously disappeared. Not only had the wall given way, tearing down with it half of the south-western tower, which had been deeply undermined by the flood at the beginning of the siege, but in its fall it had completely choked the canal for some distance. The other walls and towers, the bases of which were sound, had resisted the shocks wonderfully, but the temporary defences built up of stones and sandbags, as also the shelters erected as a protection against cross-firing were absolutely wrecked. A portion of the materials used had fallen inside the fort, but the greater part was scattered about on the cleared space round. This was the situation at three o'clock in the morning.

"If the enemy only knew the state we are in!" said Colonel Graham, when the extent of the disaster had been roughly estimated.

"I rather hope their own troubles are giving them enough to do, sir," said Beltring. "I am certain I heard an explosion in their lines just before our wall fell, and there were screams enough for anything."

"Let us hope they are too busy to attend to us, then. What is it, Run-corn? I see you have something to propose."

"May I suggest, sir, that we should set to work at once to clear out the

canal, even before repairing the walls? If the flow continues to be checked, we shall soon have a marsh all round us, and yet there will be no way of getting water but by digging."

The Colonel looked doubtful. "But surely it is impossible to move all that mass of rubbish with the means we have?"

"Yes, sir; we can't hope to restore the whole channel. But I think we could clear a passage just wide enough to keep the water running, and perhaps to check the enemy's rush for a moment."

"It's worth thinking of. But while the canal is being cleared out we must build a breastwork behind it, or there will be no cover against a fire from the opposite bank, and we must restore our traverses and sangars on the other walls and the towers. Every man in the fort must set to work, for we can only count on two hours or so more of darkness. See that the men are summoned by word of mouth, Woodworth. We don't want to force the fact of our wakefulness on the enemy."

In a very few minutes the fort and its surroundings were a scene of intense activity. In the cleared space men were collecting the stones and sand-bags dashed from the parapets, and sending them up again by means of ropes, while beyond them was a circle of scouts, lying flat on the ground, and trying hard to pierce the darkness and the pouring rain in the direction of the enemy. At the back of the fort Runcorn, with a number of volunteers and a large fatigue party, was levering away huge masses of mud-brick, and digging through heaps of broken rubbish, while behind him Colonel Graham was superintending the construction of the work which was to replace the vanished rampart. There was no attempt to build anything at all answering to the curtain which had been destroyed, for weeks

of labor would be needed to clear the canal of the rubbish that choked it up; but such stones and bricks as could be found were piled together, and backed by heaps of earth, and then the work ceased perforce for want of material. There was no time to burrow into the muddy chaos for suitable fragments, and the remaining masses of brickwork were too large to be moved with the means at hand. But the pause was only a short one. All the empty boxes in the fort were requisitioned, filled with earth and built into the wall, but still more were needed. Officers rushed to their quarters, hurled their possessions on the floor, and reappeared with portmanteaus and uniform cases. Fitz brought the tin boxes that had held the documents of which he was guardian, and the refugees were forced to disgorge the gaily painted wooden chests some of them had succeeded in bringing in with them. Before very long the excitement penetrated to the Memsahibs' courtyard.

"Georgie, let us give them our boxes!" cried Mabel.

"Yes, anything!" returned Georgia, sitting up with flushed cheeks. "Turn all the things out, Mab. Oh I wish I could come and help!"

"Give them that plate box, Anand Masih," said Mrs. Hardy to the faithful bearer, who was sitting stolidly upon the piece of property in question, which was his own particular charge. He obeyed with a heart-rending sigh, tying up the silver carefully in a blanket before he surrendered the box.

"Georgie, they want more!" cried Mabel, flying back into the court. "They are filling greatcoats with earth, and tying them up by the sleeves. What can we give them?—pillow-cases?—mattresses?"

"Skirts," said Georgia, with the ardor of a sudden discovery. "They would

make beautiful sandbags if they were sewn up at the hem."

"Oh, my poor tailor-mades!" groaned Mabel; "but for my country's sake—" and she dashed into her own room and reappeared with two or three tweed skirts and a supply of needles and thread.

"Oh, really, Miss North, I haven't asked for this sacrifice," said Colonel Graham, unable to restrain a smile when he found himself solemnly presented with the results of her handiwork.

"No? but it's made now, and Flora will bring you some of hers in a minute. She hasn't quite finished sewing them up. Oh, do use them quickly, please, or I shall repent, and lose the credit of the self-denial after all."

"The shape is a little unusual," said Colonel Graham, considering the skirts gravely, "but we can certainly use the—the contribution for strengthening the breastwork. You ladies deserve well of your country, I am sure."

"The women of Carthage are quite outdone," said Mr. Burgrave who was standing by; but at the sound of his voice Mabel fled back into the court. Her own feelings during the past few days had taught her to understand something of the pain she had inflicted on him, and she could not face his eyes.

"All the scattered material collected and brought in, sir," reported Haycraft who had been in command of the party at work on the cleared space, "and I have recalled the scouts. It's a queer thing, but the enemy have had a mounted man patrolling between their lines and ours the whole time. It was too dark to see him, but I heard him distinctly. He was riding round the fort or rather round three sides of it, from one point on the canal to the other."

"That encourages one to hope that they have suffered no less than our-

selves," said the Colonel. "Very likely, if we only knew it, they are in deadly fear of an attack from us; but I couldn't venture to leave our rear exposed while we made a sortie."

"The water runs, sir," said Runcorn, coming up, "and with a few poles and some canvas I could make a shelter for the water-carriers at a point where it's fairly easy to get down to the edge."

"Take them, by all means. What about the southwest tower?"

"I have tested it in every way I can, sir, and I think what's left of it will stand all right, but there's no hope of patching it up at present."

"I foresee that this breastwork will be the burden of our lives," said Colonel Graham to the Commissioner, as Runcorn departed. "We shall have to keep the guard there always under arms, and extra sentries in the tower ruins, for the enemy could take it with a rush at any moment, even if it didn't topple down under their weight."

"Yes, it strikes one that there is a certain lack of privacy about the new arrangement as compared with the old," said Mr. Burgrave. "It is like finding the public suddenly in possession of one's back garden."

"I should very much like to know what damage the enemy have sustained. Do you care to come with me to the gateway? It ought soon to be light enough to see."

An exclamation broke from both men as the dawn revealed to them the outlines of the enemy's position. Half-way across the cleared space extended a curious fissure, and when this was traced back, it lost itself in a heap of ruins to the right of General Keeling's house. The house itself still stood, although the stone sangars on its roof were destroyed, but the loopholed buildings which had faced it were gone.

"The mine!" was the cry that leaped

to the lips of both Colonel Graham and Mr. Burgrave, and the former added, "It must have exploded prematurely when Beltring heard the noise, but in the crash of our own wall, the rest of us did not notice it."

"This explains the enemy's anxiety to keep us at a distance," said the Commissioner. "But why employ a mounted patrol, and only one man?"

"It was simply to give an impression of watchfulness, I suppose. Can you suggest any other explanation, Ressaldar?" and the Colonel turned to Badullah Khan, who stood beside them.

"That was no enemy, Sahib. It was Sinjaj Kilin Sahib Bahadar."

"Nonsense!" cried Mr. Burgrave. The native officer drew himself up.

"We who knew Kilin Sahib can judge better than the Kumpsoner Sahib what he would do. When we have heard him riding all night between us and the enemy, preventing them from attacking us, are we to doubt the witness of our own ears—nay, our eyes, since certain of the sowars swear that they beheld him?"

"I beg your pardon, Ressaldar," said the Commissioner, with marked politeness. "I suppose it will now be an article of faith all along the frontier that General Keeling saved Alibad last night?"

"Without doubt, sahib. Is it not the truth?"

"I must say I wish my faith was as robust as the regiment's!" said the Commissioner with a smile, as they turned to descend the steps.

"A white flag, sir!" reported Winlock, who was on guard at the gateway, when they reached the ground.

"Who is carrying it?"

"A Hindu with two servants. The sowars say that it's Bahram Khan's *diwan*, Narayan Sing."

"Let him come within speaking distance—no farther."

"Perhaps I ought to say, sir, if

you are thinking that he wants to see what state we are in, that they have found that out already. A scout on a swift camel rode along the south bank of the canal a few minutes ago. He was near enough to see what we were doing, but he came and went like the wind, before the men could take up their carbines. Since he was gone so quickly I did not call you."

"I wish we could have caught him, but we can't expect to keep them from discovering our plight. But certainly we won't have them spying about under the walls. Let the Sikhs have their rifles ready in case of treachery."

Before inviting Mr. Burgrave to return with him to the turret, Colonel Graham went the round of the defences, to make sure that the sentries were all on the alert. He had in his mind more than one occasion on which the tribes had advanced to the attack under cover of a parley, and with the rear of the fort in its present condition he could not neglect any precautions. The heaps of rubbish on the opposite bank of the narrow channel which Run-corn had cleared for the water were a cause for constant anxiety, since a small force of resolute men posted behind them might render the new breast-work untenable, but nothing could be done to them at present.

"I would give ten years of my life for a forty-eight hours' armistice!" said the Colonel to Mr. Burgrave, as they mounted the steps to the loophole of the turret, below which the Hindu was waiting, his two attendants having paused at a respectful distance.

"What message do you bring?" asked Colonel Graham, after the usual salutations had been exchanged.

"This unworthy one brings to your lordship the words of Syad Bahram Khan, Sword-of-the-Faith: 'Who can stand against the will of Allah? This night His hand has been heavy upon my army, even as upon that of the Sa-

hibs, and many men are killed, and many also buried while yet alive under the ruins of their quarters. Let there then be peace between us for three days. We will continue to hold our lines from the bridge to the godowns, but we will not cross the canal nor come out upon the open space, and I would have the Sahibs swear also that they will keep to their fort and the other bank of the canal, and not cross it on either side to attack us. Then shall the dead be buried and the injured cared for, and both sides may also repair their damaged defences, but it is forbidden to raise any new ones. What is the answer of the Colonel Sahib?"

"Can't be much doubt, can there?" said Colonel Graham to the Commissioner.

"I suppose not. But how coolly they talk of wasting three days! It seems as if they thought they had a lifetime before them to spend on this siege."

"Well, so much the better for us—on this occasion, at any rate. When is the armistice to begin?" he asked of Narayan Sing; "now, or to-morrow morning?"

"At daybreak, to-morrow, sahib," was the answer, after a moment's consideration.

"So be it," said Colonel Graham. "Then they *have* something on hand!" he added to Mr. Burgrave. "If Bahram Khan were all anxiety for his wounded as he would like us to think, of course he would want the armistice to begin at once. But he knows we shan't fire at his men if they begin digging out the poor wretches now, and he would

like three clear days for some plot of his own. What can it be?"

"Perhaps he merely hopes to catch us off our guard to-day," suggested the Commissioner.

"But if that's his game, no scruples of conscience would have kept him from making use of the armistice for the purpose. No, he's up to something, and I should very much like to know what it is. I shall post a look-out at the top of the northwest tower with the best field-glass we have, to keep an eye on all that goes on in their camp."

The Colonel's prevision was justified early the next morning, when the look-out announced that a small body of fully-armed men, all mounted, among whom he believed he could distinguish Bahram Khan himself, had left the town and were proceeding towards the northeast, apparently in the direction of Nalapur.

"I am very much afraid that bodes ill to poor old Ashraf Ali," said the Colonel. "I only wish we could warn him."

"After all, sir," said Haycraft, to whom he had spoken, "Bahram Khan may only be off to see how the blockade of Rahmat-Ullah is going on. It's evident he thinks we're stuck pretty fast here, for really, if we had the proper number of horses, and anywhere to go to, we might take advantage of the armistice to disappear, they have left so few men in their lines."

"I prefer the shelter of even our tumble-down walls to being surrounded in the desert," said the Colonel shortly. "And now to work!"

THE ADVENT OF SUMMER.

Flowering reed-tussocks, a yard or so in width, with the sapless blades of last year's growth lying matted beneath their arching plumes, stand in among the trees between the lichen-covered wall and the pathways round the margin of the lake. In the spaces about the reed-clumps tall bracken-fronds, viewed from above, have the appearance of a delicately traced pattern outlined against the darker green of the grass. So fine of texture, so clearly colored and carelessly designed—reed-clumps, ferns and tall wild hyacinths above; ivy, grass-spears and glossy leaves of periwinkle below—this woodland carpet is a rest and sweetness to the eye. In the middle of our woods the trees grow so closely together as a rule, that birds and flowers are rare, and butterflies almost unknown. But on the outskirts of the woodlands life abounds in greater vigor and variety than anywhere else, if only the sun stands over against the trees in the morning. Bathed in the fulness of spring sunshine, the leaves and flowers leaped into life directly the first happy swallow, cleaving the soft air above, twittered gently of "the sweet o' the year."

In the bright warm hours the smell of summer ascends from the grass. You cannot describe it except as the scent of rising sap. Break off a reed-spike or a branching fern, and you will recognize this more readily. Not only to the eye comes the greeting of summer. The melodious flowing of the wind past the quivering tree-tops overhead, and in an undertone among the moving leaves of the lower branches is the first sign of its presence. When you climb the stile and stand knee-deep in the bracken, the perfume of the sap confirms the assurance of the breeze.

But if a third sign were wanting, the songs of the chaffinches, warblers and wrens, following each other without interruption, would more than suffice.

In the clear atmosphere everything is intensely bright or deeply shadowed. Light green beech-plumes, sparkling where the sunbeams glance, hang down over the dark masses of the background—almost too startling a contrast for the eye, so accustomed to gray days or a blending, rose-tinged mist. No summer day is without its own especial charm. By noon the shadows are foreshortened, and the canvas is taken indoors, else the sketch must be rearranged with the altered position of the sun. The painter comes again at a suitable hour next morning. The shadows are of the exact length, the sunflecks dance among the leaves, but the atmosphere is not the same, the colors are different, and the effects he had sought to grasp had slipped forever beyond his reach. The same swallows come to the barn year by year; the same warblers to the copse. The same angle marks the image on the dial; the same honied fragrance floats across the dewy path. But something is inevitably different; one chord or other has ceased to vibrate, and a varying note is heard in the symphony of summer.

In the early morning the presence of summer is most wonderfully felt and seen. The busy city toiler—whose only day of rest is the seventh, and whose chief delight on that day is to rest in bed till noon—seldom realizes the meaning of summer. When he reaches the woodlands, the fragrance has already gone from the warm south wind—dropped through it, scattered deep in the grass, or carried away into the dwellings of the bees. The reed-

clump's sap, ascending into the air, breaks forth on the breath of summer. But the richest scents are exhaled when a myriad flowers unfold to the morning, each throwing open its painted doors that butterflies and bees may partake of the honey which, throughout the night, was being prepared for them within the nectary. The wind passes by, fanning insect wings cause a fine dust to stir within the blossoms, and the pollen grains are swept away to mingle with the winecup of the bee.

The greater part of Nature's work is finished before noon. By the time the sun is half-way down the western sky the flowers have yielded nearly all their honey, and the pollen load grows heavy to the bee. The leaf droops in the heat, the blossom languishes, and the insect hums in a low, minor note that is an unconscious appeal from tired wings. When spring is still boisterous and uncertain, the humble bee hums through the hedge on her way to the earliest flowers. Through the long summer days, till chill October throws misty shadows across the first rime frost on the meadows, she swings from blossom to blossom, out over the open pasture or deep into the heart of the wood, passing by the bitter for the sweet. Hardy and fearless is she, not delicately reared and overstrung like the hive bee. She roves where the hive bee dares not follow, and long after the last wanderer has returned to the thatched skep in the garden, the wild bee is abroad in the fine rain of the spring afternoon, or still later, among the tufted catkins of the gray-leaved willow in the dusk.

The sunlight plays about the old lodge by the lake. Breaking in a long-drawn whisper, like curling waves against a distant shore, the wind passes by, and then begins the frolic of the light. Among the polypody ferns growing thickly on the lodge roof, along the ivy and clematis clinging to

the wall, across the path, over the garden, and into the thicket where hyacinths and periwinkles grow—the sunflecks chase the shadows everywhere. The wind turns the leaf aside, and the darkness is immediately illumined. The breeze and the sunshine work together. Touched by a warm breath of life, a million forms leap up to take their place in the procession of summer. At noon, with the sun high overhead, there is little darkness in the woodlands, only below the reed-clumps and clustering honeysuckles, or deep among the grass blades, or within the scarcely defined outline of the restless leaves.

Near the lodge the lake is fringed with a shrubbery—a wilderness given over to Nature but for the rhododendrons and a flowering shrub, whose golden blossoms are rather of the garden than of the waste. No gardener's hand now prunes the trees; the borders are no longer laid out carefully in the spring, or weeded in summer; the lake is never cleared of weeds. Bring me an artist to paint the scene, and let him call his picture "Solitude." In the catalogues of our great galleries no title appears more frequently. A stag holds high his antlered head, standing outlined against the stormy clouds that crest the mountain top. Or a lion crouches at the brink of the pool, in the starlit darkness of a tropical night. Solitude! But give me the still lake with its water-lilies, and a film of duckweed covering lightly all but one opening among the rushes, and there at the edge of the weed, show a moor-hen afloat amid the gray-purple reflections cast from the trunks of the elms; and let there be flickering lights from the pale green beech plumes against those clear-cut shadows which cause the lake to appear so deep and lonely; and kingcups at the margin of the mere. Such is the solitude which I break in upon this summer morning.

The first flaming poppy among the

charlock in the young corn, the first pale rose drooping over the hawthorn sprays in the hedge, were the harbingers of summer. Not till the scarlet satin petals burst their sheath, and the tender green of the rosebud fell back from the delicate blossom, did the hot air hang throughout the night above the drowsy fields. With the advent of June the long wands of the broom put on a yellow garment; the thistle shoots up; the wild carrot begins to flower; the hawk-bit becomes the companion of the dandelion, and every neglected spot is a tangle of goosegrass, fern, plantain and crowfoot. The ephemerals hatch out in such swarms on the water that sparrows and finches come in numbers to feed upon them, continually crossing and recrossing from bank to bank in pursuit of their guaze-winged prey. When the cream-and-gold of the dying day deepens into the purple and rose of sunset, the trout, undisturbed, begin their feast, and rippling rings spread everywhere over the placid pool.

On the bank under the hawthorns in the lane, crimson crane's-bill is blossoming in luxuriant profusion—not one plant here and there, but a growth excluding all besides, like matted moss crowning a ruined wall. Below, on the edge of the ditch, are to be seen a few stars of the wood loose-strife, delicate, beautiful, golden. At the foot of the hedge, blue veronica and scarlet pimpernel peep out—so blue, so vividly scarlet, that the palette's gaudiest colors are dull by comparison. A low questioning note descends from the finch in the beech boughs far overhead, and a shower of song from the warbler singing where the sprays of the woodbine are thickest. An orange-tip butterfly loiters along the lane; a tortoise-shell basks on the stone; a brimstone wanders by flaunting his fans of brightest canary yellow. The glistening gray of

the silverweed grows round a blossom almost like the yellow rock rose, near the hooded trefolium in the grass. Blood-red flames of sorrel shoot up from the leaf stems—so thick in the undergrowth, that, looked at from a distance, the meadow is not green. Set in the bank are pink champions, white hedge-strawberry flowers, branching tufts of meadow fescue and anthered clubs of foxtail grass. All these are before me—not in that order and arrangement so loved by the scholar; they give no suggestion of long Latin names. As I have written them so they come, each bearing some token whereby I may afterwards remember them with the "tender grace of a day that is dead."

Grass blade upon grass blade—with shadowy tracery as perfect as upon the giant oak, and represented by nothing on the painter's canvas, but a splash of varying color, for even the grass defies imitation—so thickly growing as not to be numbered in a thousand years. Buttercup nodding to buttercup, and dandelion to dandelion, from hedge to hedge. Red-veined docks, purple-veined coltsfoot leaves, young beech saplings scarcely a foot above the ground, and clover leaf trespassing upon clover leaf. Ivy trailing over the gateway, not dark and glossy, but new and pale, and as yet unvarnished by the wind. Birds dropping in twos and threes from hidden boughs to the ground, the lines of their flight intersecting like careless pencil strokes across the page of the sky. Branching lady's-smock, with flowers of palest lilac; and groundsel budding and seeding in the ditch. Leaf-mounds of charlock on the bank, topped with yellow spires; and arching sprays of bramble and rose, hiding withered stems and tendrils that were green last summer. The last bunches of the scented "may," and white petals strewn beneath upon the ropes of bindweed climbing from the ditch. And

always the smell of sap and pollen, and the murmur of the wind, and the chorus of happy birds.

The petals of the gaily-painted flowers are like swinging shop-signs in the village street—an advertisement of their wares, to tempt the passer-by. The evolutionist would have us believe that by some slow process extending through millions of summer days down the long ages of time, the wayside plants, aided by their countless insect visitors, have gradually changed their first inconspicuous green, wind-fertilized flowers into bright blossoms of scarlet, yellow, crimson, purple or blue—so infinitely beautiful, like drops of liquid color from the many-tinted sunset sky, or from the blue dome of noon, fallen upon the grass.

There is a continuous buying and selling taking place in the meadow; or rather labor is being employed and paid for. "Come," says the flower to the bee, "here is honey, but for this honey you must pay me by carrying a few grains of pollen to the pistil of my neighbor over the way." Frequently before the end of the day, the pollen load has grown too heavy, and the weary insect falls down in the grass to die. Thousands of hive bees are thus killed by overwork. Sometimes, however, the insect gets the better of the exchange. Winnowing and threshing out, a storm of wind and rain comes over the summer night and continues till the day has grown apace, flinging withered leaves and petals aside, making clear a pathway into the tangles, and scattering the pollen from the stamens against which the bee brushes herself when probing the nectary. But the welcome rain, stimulating the plant, has caused the honey to fill the nectary to its brim. Then it is that the bee, unhampered, pays but a small price for her dainty food, and works till dusk in comfort.

Lessons in the art of drawing infer-

ences are given by wayside flowers; they will whisper many a pleasant secret to you, if you only pause to listen. The pink crane's-bill tells me that I am thinking too much of the big bombus; that there are many other bees and wasps, smaller than the house fly, which do not sing bass and advertise themselves thereby, but which are, nevertheless indispensable to the flowers. This is how the secret is unfolded by the crane's-bill flower. The blossom is pink; it has, therefore, been painted to attract an insect visitor, and is not fertilized only by the wind. How is it fertilized, by the ant? No; for the ant, on its way to the honey, would pass beneath the anthers, and the pollen would not be brushed off; neither would the insect creep over the stigma in which the pollen grain might germinate; nor would the bright petals, colored on the upper side, attract a wingless wanderer below. By a moth at night? Hardly; for the moth fertilized flowers are generally paler, the more readily to be seen in the dark. By a fly? No; a fly's tongue could not be pushed far enough into the nectary to reach the honey. The flower must be fertilized by some insect possessing a trunk. Is a butterfly its agent? No; for the crane's-bill blossoms often before the butterflies appear. By our friend the bombus? No; the bombus is too heavy for this tiny flower standing upright among its leaves; also, even if the flower were weighed down without breaking by the humble bee, its nectary would be too shallow for the exceptionally long trunk to be used with ease. Evidently, then, the favorite visitor must be winged, and a day-flier, small, light, possessed of a trunk through which to suck the honey, and probably patient, with a fixed and constant task always before it. These deductions are verified as we lie prone on the sward watching the flowers, for presently two or three wild bees, so

small as to be rarely noticed by the casual observer, drop over the hedge, and pass on silent wings from flower to flower.

Summer is now advancing step by step, not hurriedly, as in the far north, where thoughts of a long winter overshadow even the brightest day. There has been one rush forward when, in the first fortnight of May, the woodlands burst into leaf. Then came a sudden, all-absorbing change; but now the colors of the leaves deepen almost imperceptibly; buds and branches develop one by one; the purple bells have opened only at the bottom of the fox-

Temple Bar.

glove's spire. Beauty must not wear itself away. It must halt, like men and women in middle age, that maturity may be enjoyed for a space between the preparation of youth and the days of life's December. Summer is wayward and beautiful, never the same. One moment the fairness of the blue morning; and presently a shower; then a rift in the clouds; and at evening the glory of a golden sky. No monotony, but a ceaseless play of light and shadow about the old lodge; and sometimes thought awakens a plaintive sadness that a quiet joy may afterwards sink more deeply into the heart.

Alfred Wellesley Rees.

THAT!

A STORY OF SOUTH DEVON.

"Aw ess, I reckon he'll be ready times he's wanted. I've digged awl th' mate 'arth an' put en tu wan side, an' whan I've filled he up tumorrer, he'll be so level's a penny."

Old Cutteridge, the grave-digger, had paused a while to have a "tell" with pretty Em Linnick, as she passed through the churchyard on her way from the Rectory, whither she had been with a basket of fresh eggs from her father's farm. Every one liked Em, she was so full of beaming good temper and healthy, hearty enjoyment of life.

"What du'ee want tu set aside th' mate earth fur, grandfer?" asked the girl. "I sim it don't matter whether 'tes cold clay or gude top-soil as lays next tu we whan once us be buried."

"Wummin is cureyous craychurs, alwes yappin', yappin', fit to deave th'ares of a man. But tes man's provinces tu tache wummin, so I doan't mind tellin' of 'ee as I puts th' mate 'arth

pin tap so as wummin can grow flowers an' such-like fulishness on their folks' graves. No flowers never grawed in clay-soil yet, nor never widden graw nayther. I ban't a silly, Em. I can reckon things out."

"Will 'ee finish en afore dark, grandfer? I sim I'd be afeard tu stop in th' yard after nightfall."

Em's rosy face took on a perceptible pallor as she gazed timidly round at the gray, weather-beaten church and the tall headstones, already dark in the gathering twilight of the short winter afternoon.

"I ban't afeard, naw fey! 'Twudden be fitty I shud be. Whan thee've seed so many cold cospes carr'd droo th' coffin gate as I hev, maid, I reckon thee wun't be afeard no mower'n I be. They pore pittice wanderin' sprees ban't goin' tu hurt we. Tes mower likely as they'm afeard us'll hurt they!"

The old man laughed grimly at his own joke as he picked up the long-

handled spade-shaped shovel peculiar to this district, and spat on his horny hands. He was seventy-five, but he could dig with the best yet. No one who had watched Job Cutteridge at work could say that digging was unskilled labor. Every shovelful was nicely balanced in quantity, heaped to precisely what the implement would carry, thrown to the exact spot where it was intended to lie. Let a "furriner" (meaning one from any other county) try to use this kind of shovel as Job used it, and see how much mould he can remove in a given time. Cutteridge boasted that he could complete a full-sized grave in three hours, and few men of half his years can do more.

Pretty Emily stood as if fascinated beside the yawning hole in the trodden grass.

"But, granfer Cutteridge, du'ee now tell! Have'n 'ee really an' truly ever seen *that*?"

Job leant on his shovel and passed his hand across his bald forehead.

"Aw ess, maid," he said, looking up at her from the hole in which he stood. "I'll tell 'ee th' trooth. I an't got no call to spake no uther. Last night as ever wuz I were here awl aloan in th' dimpsles, maysurin' th' groun' fur thickey 'ere grave, an' awl tu a suddent my blood rinned in cold shivers down my back, an' th' swat comed pourin' off my face, an' I loked up as I med be lukin' now, an' ther' right afore my vurry eyes *that* rinned by! I tell 'ee, maid, I wern't frit, fur I ban't wan as be easy tarrified, but I creemed awl down my back when I seed en. And I wer' proper wivvery awl night. My missis her simmed I'd catched a cold, an' her wer' mazed fur me tu go tu Passon an' ask he fur some fizzick, but I says 'Naw, Sally,' I says, 'tidden no or'nary cold as I've a-catched. 'T'es a token as I've a'-seed, an' yu mark my words, Sally,' I says, 'us'll yer' tell as summun be deyde afower th' New

Yare's out!' Them was my words, Em; afower the New Yare's out!'"

"Oh grandfer!" cried the girl, "tes terrible, sure 'nough! Du'ee come an' set me on my ways home! I be that galled I dussen bide yer' no longer, an' 'et I dussen go on. Du'ee on'y come along of me, an' father'll give 'ee a mug of ees best cider an' welcome."

The grave-digger turned to his work with virtuous resolution.

"'Twuz no mower'n a Jackie-twoad, maid! Twadden nothen' tu skeert 'ee. Go thy ways, go thy ways. I medden be done with this yer' job not afore nightfall."

Em tried a little more coaxing.

"But father wer' sayin' last night as ever were as thee hadden tasted hees new cider 'et. An' ther's a licky-stew as mother have a-med fur supper, an' figgy-pudden after that."

The woman tempted him and Cutteridge fell.

"Be'ee frit then? Pore cheel! I'll hev tu start yark tumorrer mornin' ef I goes along wid'ee, maid, but 'tes crool quiet yer' of evenins, an' th' buryin' ban't till tumorrer afternune, an' I've a-med a brave gert hole a'ready. Come along wid'ee, maid. 'Twud be a pity fur that ther' licky-stoo tu get cold."

Meadwell was at no loss for a subject of conversation this Christmas time, for everybody was aware that "*that*" had walked ever since the last burying, though whether it was a man, woman or child nobody knew, and no one dared investigate. It was enough for the village that Grandfer Cutteridge had seen a white figure at night-fall in the churchyard, and no one cared to go near enough to look for the "spreet" himself.

If the church had been closer to the village there might have been something like a panic in the place, but the beautiful old building lay high on the hillside, with no house nearer than the

Rectory, which was fully a quarter of a mile away. So none of the parishioners had need to go near the churchyard in the course of their week-day avocations, except old Cutteridge, the grave-digger and sexton, and the Linicks of Court Farm, whose shortest road home from Meadwell was by the footpath which crossed the burial-ground.

Meadwell had had ghost stories before now, but in the old Rector's time they were always promptly exploded. He was so constantly in and out of the cottages, and was on such intimate terms with all his people, that he never failed to hear the gossip of the pretty homely place. The new parson, however, was a man of another stamp. He had come from a London suburb with his fashionable wife and delicate young daughter, and the villagers "simmed as they wuz highky folks as kept themselves *tu* themselves."

The Rector was not "highky" (expressive term!) whatever his wife may have been. He was simply a student, absorbed in archæological research, yet a man with a large heart under his absent-minded demeanor. His daughter was a fragile, ethereal-looking young creature, with wide-open eyes which looked as if they were forever seeking something far beyond the vision of ordinary mortals. But Mrs. Seymour certainly was not made of tender stuff, and she was not troubled with too large a heart or too widely diffused sympathies.

New Year's day dawned bright and frosty, and the Rector's wife, who organized her servants' work down to the smallest detail, came early into the Rectory kitchen, high, roomy, diamond-paned, and generally antique of air, to deliver her orders for the day.

Old Sally Cutteridge, who had washed for the Rectory these thirty years, and could still get up fine linen

as well as her own granddaughters, rose from a low stool by the fire as the mistress entered. Tuesday was Mrs. Seymour's washing day. "Tuesday wash, Wednesday mangle, Thursday iron and Friday put away," was her rule, and nothing short of an earthquake would have interfered with it.

Her surprise and indignation therefore may be better imagined than described, when old Sally, with a respectful curtesy, informed her that she could not begin the washing that day.

"Are you ill?" demanded the lady, in a tone that expressed small pity for the ailment, whatever it might be.

"Aw naw'm, thank'ee. I ban't ill, but no one don't never wash to-day. *Ef yu wash a New Yare's Day, yu'll wash yure deareest friend away.* My sister Jane Ann her washed wance of a New Yare's Day and her little boy died afore th' yare wer' out. Jane Ann her alwes said as 'twas along of her washin' a New Yare's Day."

"Why? Did she neglect the child while she was at her work?"

"Aw naw'm. Jane Ann wudden never du that. He didden die not till up eight months after. But he died that same yare, an' Jane Ann her alwes said 'twas along of she washin' a New Yare's Day."

Mrs. Seymour's scanty patience was exhausted.

"I presume it will not bring *you* ill-luck to do *my* washing?" she said with a scornful smile. "The ill-luck would be mine, I suppose, not yours?"

"Yas'm, I reckon. But 'twud be sartin misfortin', after that."

"I'll take the risk," said the Rector's wife. "Go and start at once, if you please. The copper-fire ought to have been lighted an hour ago."

Mrs. Cutteridge could hardly believe her ears, but Mrs. Seymour's tone admitted of no further discussion. Shaking her gray head and wringing her withered hands, she went her way to

the laundry, while her mistress, unmoved by the old woman's genuine emotion, turned her attention to the *menu* for the day.

"I must tell Phillip of this!" she said to herself. "It is truly shocking to find such heathen superstition in our enlightened land. Phillip must preach against it immediately, and strongly, too."

She narrated what had occurred at lunch to her husband and her daughter. The Rector was keenly interested, for any survival of past days had a charm for him, and he would then and there have quitted the table to hunt out tomes on folklore and pagan customs but for his wife's stern reminder that the mutton was getting cold.

Pale Margaret showed less appreciation of the backward mental development of their new parishioners. A kinder mother would have felt uneasy at the girl's increasing loss of health, but Mrs. Seymour held that the complaints of young girls were mostly hysterical, and considered their best remedy to be judicious repression. So she took little notice of her daughter's condition.

"I like the people here," said Margaret in a low, sweet voice. "They seem so kind and gentle. I told that pretty Emily Linnick yesterday that I don't sleep well here, and that I have dreamed several times lately that I was in the churchyard, and she said that morning dreams come true. I wonder if that means that I shall go there to stay!"

The Rector did not hear. He was trying to catch the thread of an idea that had occurred to him connecting this New Year jingle with one in the old childish game of

Round and round the mulberry bush,
All on a Monday morning!

Did the first day of the week in that game, whose origin was lost in the

mists of antiquity, represent the first day of the year? There was some mention of washing in the children's rhyme too. The Rector thought he might be on the track of a rather interesting discovery, and resolved to write a paper on it for the Antient Society, of which he was a shining light.

Mrs. Seymour caught a word or two of Margaret's speech, and took it up sharply.

"Don't talk nonsense!" she said. "You must certainly not go sitting about in the churchyard. It is far too damp and cold for you up there."

"But the view is lovely, mother!" said the girl wistfully. "I am never tired of looking out across the river and the bar to the distant sea beyond."

"Rubbish!" ejaculated her mother. "When I was young I had something better to do with my time than sitting looking at views. Anyhow, please understand that I forbid it, Margaret. I'm not going to have you catching cold and getting laid up with influenza or pleurisy or something, when there is the night school, and the blanket-club and the sewing-party, and so many other things to attend to."

She knew very well why Margaret liked to look out over the sea. Six months ago she had contrived to part her from her lover, because she had hoped for a better match. The richer admirer was repulsed by Margaret, whose health and happiness suffered a marked change from the day of Charlie Campbell's departure, but if the worldly woman's conscience ever irked her for the part she had played, she kept it in strict subjection. Margaret might have suffered less had she known why Campbell went away without bidding her farewell. Her pride as well as her wounded heart felt bruised and sore when she reflected on the manner of their parting. But Mrs. Seymour never told her daughter how the sailor had begged and prayed for an

interview, had stormed and raged in his bitter disappointment, had almost gone on his knees for permission to speak with Margaret only once more, were it but for half an hour.

"My daughter was flattered and carried away by the compliments you paid her. She is very young and has no conception what love means. She now regrets what she said to you as much as I regret that a child of mine could—however unintentionally—have played with the love of an honest man. I am acting for the truest welfare of both in refusing to sanction another meeting."

Mrs. Seymour was a clever woman, and would not allow any foolish regard for veracity to interfere with her schemes for her daughter's advancement in life. Charlie Campbell went away at last, almost convinced that Margaret had been fooling him.

And Margaret drooped and faded day by day, but she did not complain of any bodily ill. She was merely morbid and hysterical, said her mother, and when the Reverend Philip Seymour was offered and accepted the living of Meadwell, a few weeks after Campbell rejoined his ship, the lady said to her friends that this change was precisely what Margaret wanted, and that she would very soon regain her former robust health in South Devon.

They had been at Meadwell three months now, and Mrs. Seymour's vigor and energy was the marvel of the countryside, for your Devonian born and bred does not move quickly. He takes a long time to think over any change, and a longer time still to carry it out. But with Mrs. Seymour, said the old folks, "'twuz a word an' a blow." Clubs and meetings and classes were all set going at once, and as the village was a large one, and winter nights in South Devon are very long and dull, the Meadwell youths and maidens

flocked in dozens to see what these newfangled affairs might be like.

Margaret moved among young and old like a shadow, and the kindly people would look after her as she passed along the one wide street, saying sorrowfully that "her wer' marked fur death, sure, an' ennybody cud see et." They did not take warmly to Mrs. Seymour. There are unsuspected depths of latent dignity and self-respect in these simple-minded peasantry, and there are none, all the world over, quicker than South Devonians to discriminate between good and bad breeding in "bettermost persons." They did not say much, but the very inflections of voice when they spoke of the Rector's wife were significant. The Rector was "passon" or "Mr. Seymour;" his daughter was already known as "our Miss Marg'ret." Mrs. Seymour was simply "her tu Rectory."

There was widespread indignation when it became known that the lady had insisted on having the household washing done on New Year's Day, in defiance of local tradition and custom.

"Miss Marg'ret wun't never live to see another New Yare's Day after that. Her's crool wisht a'ready, and I sim her'll be a bedlier afore us be many wakes older. But her tu Rectory wudden tek no heed whan Sally Cutteridge telled her how 't'wud be. Her's a main hard wumman, that she be."

"Didden Sally tell her what comed tu her suster Jane Ann's cheel?"

"Ees fey, that her did, but her tu Rectory wudden hear nought."

"An' didden her know that Martha Putt's brother's wife died of a Sunday on'y wan fortnit after Martha washed of a New Yare's Day?"

"Aw ees, Sally telled her that tu, but twadden no manner of use, her on'y called en old rummage or summat like that. Simmed like her *wud* hev it done, whatsoever anybody said."

"Did 'er now? Aw well, her'll on'y

be sorry fur et wance, an' that'll be alwes."

In the pleasing excitement of watching to see what evil would fall upon the unbelieving Mrs. Seymour, old Cutteridge's ghost was allowed temporarily to fall into oblivion. Truth to tell, it was not the first that the old man had reported, and though each new tale caused great commotion at the start, the stir lasted a shorter time with each fresh story.

"Mebbe 'twuz on'y Job's old nonsense," said the village; "thof come to that he ban't no chuckleheyde, and 'twuz pawsible he seed mower'n he said."

Before January was out something occurred which was taken to be proof positive that the Rectory was "awverluded" in consequence of the desecration of New Year's Day.

Sally Cutteridge told Em Linnick what had happened, speaking in awed whispers as befitted the solemnity of her tidings.

"Th' brindled Guernsey—leasways he ban't no mower'n ha'f Guernsey and ha'f Red Devon—her up an' orched th' little black Alderney, just afore he ca'ved. An' th' Alderney her be deyde, maid, so sure's I'm alive! Didden I tell 'ee summat 'ud come along of et?"

The weather was not like winter, but mild and warm as spring. It had been a damp January, and a damp January makes a full churchyard, so folks say hereaway. The old woman and the young girl had met near the churchyard gate, and Job's story of the "spreet" was present in both their minds as they stood there gossiping.

"Mother 'n me was tellin' about goin' tu th' sewin' meetin' tu-night," said Em; but I dunnaw as I'm pertickerlar about it. Du'ee tell, Granny Cutteridge, have Granfer seed *that* agen?"

"Not as I know by," answered Sally. "But Granfer don't tell me nor nobody else not everything as he knaws. He

ban't one tu go hollen an' screechin' over ev'ry little thing. Loramassy, maid! what be kaynin' like that fur? Du'ee see et thyself?"

"Aw naw," cried Em. "Fegs! I shud be proper terrified ef so be as I did! Gude-night, Granny, I must be gettin' home-along."

"Stop a bit, maid; I be comin' wid 'ee. Her tu Rectory wants a pound of crayme. They'm expectin' company tu-morrow, an' they'm short of milk long of th' little Alderney dyin'. 'T'es a judgment on 'em, sure 'nuff, but cook her saith they must have crayme, after that."

"Whan du 'em want it? Shudden mother 'n me bring it tu sewin' tu-night, so's 'ee needen tu walk all thet way down an' back?"

"Thank'ee, my dear, yu'm a gude maid. They wants et fur brekshus, I b'lieve, so 'twill du tu-night fine. Monshus folks for crayme they be. 'T'es th' Lunnon ways on 'em, I reckon."

They parted after a few more last words, and Em scurried home like a rabbit, racing down the long, high-hedged lane to the farm, while Sally wended her way with the slow dignity of her years and her bulk back to the pretty creeper-covered cottage at the river end of the street, where she and her grave-digger had spent over forty years of uneventful existence.

A young man passed her near the post office, a stranger and a gentleman. He was a fine, tall, broad-shouldered fellow, but his face was thin and pale, as if he had come through recent illness. He stopped to speak, attracted by the old woman's quaint wing bonnet, and still more by her quainter curtsy.

"Is this Meadwell?" he asked, in a pleasant, cultured voice. "I am on a walking tour, and I was told I could get accommodation here for the night."

"Ess fey, sir, this be Meadwell," answered Sally, bobbing again. Mead-

well holds that so long as the world is divided into the two great classes, they who pay and they who are paid, it behooves the latter to show politeness to the former. "'Tis fitty us shud know behavior," says far-seeing Meadwell; "an' us don't never lose nothen' by showin' respeck tu them as has th' money."

"And can you tell me where there is a room to be had?" pursued the stranger, wondering whether he dared offer a sixpence to this comfortable-looking old lady.

Sally wrinkled her brows in thought.

"I rayly cudden rightly say, sir," she proceeded. "Ther' be a room at th' Charch Inn, but tidden no place fur quality. 'Tis awver th' bar, and 'tes tearin' smoky. They dussen alwes clane their lamps, an' they smeeches crool sometimes. But mebbe Mrs. Linnick tu Court 'ud let 'ee bide ther'. Her've got a pratty chimmer as her don't hardly ever use, an' her've let he a time or tu when folks has come draftin' the river. Mrs. Linnick her've got tu-dree fine voos what a gentleman drafted as bided ther' th' summer afore last. They'm powerful took up in them pickters, the Linnicks be. I reckon yu'm best go tu Court."

"Where is the Court? If it's far, I think I'll go to the inn first, and get something to eat. I suppose they can give me some bread and cheese? I've tramped a good many miles to-day, and I'm hungry."

Mrs. Cutteridge indicated a low, white-washed building of Tudor date, standing a little back from the road, fronted with a broad porch, having seats let into the wall on either side. Like many other decent village inns, it served as a kind of club-house, for the men of the place, and the oaken benches were blackened with age and worn smooth by the corduroys of many generations.

"That be th' Charch Inn, sir, and

Court Farm he du lay ha'f a mile up Charch Lane. Em Linnick her wer' tellin' as they'm comin' tu sewin' meetin' up eight clock, so her'n her mother cud put 'ee in th' right road. The'll find both on 'em at th' skule whan th' sewin's awver."

Sally was a managing old soul, and liked to arrange things for her neighbors; but, as it happened, Mrs. Linnick did not come to the sewing that night, and only Emily appeared, having been escorted by her big brother Dick as far as the Rectory, where they left the promised pound of cream. Dick was to have called to take his sister home again soon after nine; but he fell in with the girl he was sweethearting, and went with her to the mill where she lived, and perhaps not unnaturally forgot the very existence of Em, until the miller sped the parting guest with the information that it was already ten o'clock.

Thus it fell out that when the stranger, relying on the guidance of the Linnicks, mother and daughter, called at the schoolhouse after the meeting had dispersed, he found a very pretty girl waiting there alone for him. She explained that her brother had not returned for her according to promise, and with perfect simplicity and un-self-consciousness offered to show the road to the farm, where the visitor could have a room and welcome, as mother always kept it aired and ready for the son who was away to sea.

Charlie Campbell, for the stranger was no other than he, accepted Em's offer as straightforwardly as it was made and they set off side by side for their lonely walk.

"So you have a brother at sea?" he said, as they climbed the steep hill towards the church. "I'm a sailor myself, and I know what it is to find my room and my welcome waiting for me when I come ashore. Has your brother been at sea long?"

"Up fower year, sir," replied Em, but they were nearing the churchyard gate now, and she became so obviously uneasy that he could not help noticing it.

"What's the matter?" he said. "Am I taking you along too fast?"

"Aw naw, sir, thank'ee. I can rin so well's walk, ef yu please."

She seemed about to suit the action to the word, but he laid a detaining hand on her arm.

"Indeed, I don't please," he said, smiling. "I'm pretty nearly pumped as it is. I've been ill, and haven't got my wind back yet, though I'm on a walking tour for the good of my health. Hullo! Hold hard! What's wrong now?"

Em was clinging to him in an access of frantic terror, trembling so violently that she could hardly stand.

"Oh look! look!" she gasped. "Don't 'ee see? *That's* ther'!"

It was very dark, for it was nearly ten o'clock, and the young moon was obscured by heavy clouds. But a flickering ray pierced the gloom now and then, and just as Emily spoke a gleam of light shone across the gray church, the green graves and . . . something else! Something white and tall and slender, swaying to and fro in the gusty wind, with arms extended seaward, and wreaths of pale hair floating like mist about a wan white face uplifted towards the hurrying clouds above.

"Granfer Cutteridge telled me as I med see en any night! Oh sir, sir, 'tes a token! 'Tes death to wan on us, so sure's I'm born!"

Shrieking and screaming Emily Linnick tore herself from Campbell's friendly arm, fled like one demented down the hill to the village, and fell, half-fainting with fright, into the embrace of old Job, the only occupant of the now quiet street. For Meadwell is a highly respectable place, and ten o'clock finds all the lights "made-out"

and every inhabitant safe within the bedclothes unless something very exceptional is going on.

Job had been "telling" with one of his particular cronies about the "orchling" of the little black Alderney, with much self-gratulation over his prophecies of "summat coming along," and thus he was later than usual. It is not every day that a cow dies in Meadwell, especially in such circumstances as the present. Job's friends said "they alwes luvud to hear en prayche, he wer' that tonguey 'twud make a copse laff." His enemies said, "Job wer' a proper yapper," which is a less complimentary way of putting it.

He had had more than one mug of cider to-night, and though not seriously the worse for his cups, he was a trifle more solemn than usual, and decidedly more careful where he placed his feet. He was therefore not unwarrantably annoyed when a foreign body suddenly hurled itself upon him, rendering his equilibrium more problematical than before.

"Eh, eh? Who be yu? Yer's a pratty stirredge! Lave me baide, yu gert wallop in maiden! Go thy ways and mind thyself, ef yu plaze. I be a God-fearin' man, an' yu an't no call tu clitch holt on me that a-way! Who be 'ee, I sez? Haven'tee got a tongue in yure hayde?"

His wrath rose as he proceeded, for he felt it much beneath his dignity to be steadying himself by the rails of the schoolhouse, yet he dared not let go lest a worse thing should befall him. But when at last he paused to take breath and Em managed to get a word in edgeways, his anger promptly changed to tender commiseration.

"Well, I'm gormed! Darn me ef tid-den Em Linnick! Little Em Linnick hollen an' suffen' an' sythin' like a babby! What hev' they a-dune tu'ee then, my pratty cheel? Come tu old Job, an' he'll tek keer on 'ee. Pore

chil' tu! I sim her've seed somethen'. Don't 'ee be skeert, maid! Yu'um along of old Job now an' he'll tek keer on 'ee, that a-will!"

Emily recovered herself as he went on, at least sufficiently to explain what had alarmed her so much. She clung closer to the old man and pointed trembling up the hill to the church.

"Oh grandfer," she moaned, "I seen en! I seen en! *That* wer' ther'!"

Cutteridge detached himself from both Emily and the railing, completely sobered by this intelligence.

"Lor' bless 'ee, maid!" he said, "thee don't mane et? Come along of me, Em, an' us'll go to passon d'rectly minnit, an' ask he tu lay en. 'T'es a pore wanderin' spreet, maid, that's what 't'es. 'T'es one of they as I put to beyde with a shovel. Ees body be a-molderin' down below, but ees sawl be a-rinnen about above fur th' confoundin' of hees betters. Passon'll lay he, I reckon. They'm tellin' as Passon Seymour be a larned gentleman as our own passon what's deyde cudden hold a cannell tu. 'Twidden be nowt fur he tu lay a spreet, maid, ef so be as he ban't gone tu beyde eeself afore us gets tu Rectory."

They started to carry out this proposition together, for Job was determined to have the ghost laid then and there, and Em was far too much alarmed to move a yard by herself. But a newcomer appeared appositely on the scene in the person of Dick Linnick, hurrying home by a short cut after his protracted interview with the miller's daughter.

"Why, Em? Yu'm yer'? Laws, maid, I be main sorry, I thoft 'ee'd be home hours ago. Wer' Grandfer Cutteridge goin' home along of 'ee? Thank-'ee kindly, Granfer. Her can come along of me now."

Emily exchanged protectors willingly enough, but she absolutely declined to go by the church path, and as they were at a point whence the high road

took them but little further round, Dick agreed to humor her "whimsies," even while mocking her "fur seein' things as nobody else didden never see." Dick was of a new generation, and affected to disbelieve old Job's yarns. Yet it was noticeable that he as well as his sister avoided looking towards the graveyard when they passed the junction with the church path, half-way up the hill.

Meanwhile Campbell left alone with "*that*," was for a moment so startled at the apparition as to stand rooted to the spot, staring transfixed at the white figure and the beckoning arms.

But the "spreet" did not remain long for him to look at. One moment the drapery, or whatever it was, was silhouetted against the darkness behind, the next it was a mere indefinite blur on the grayness of the wall, and then it vanished, and nothing but black shadow remained.

Campbell's nautical training, however, had made him quicker sighted than a landsman, and his sharp eyes detected that the disappearing figure was visible for perhaps a second longer on the right hand than the left. He did not believe in ghosts, and although the whole affair—considering the hour and the environment—was sufficiently surprising, his deductive mind instantly sought for and found a solution of the mystery.

"A sleep-walker, by Jove!" he said to himself, and quick as thought he made for the spot where the figure had been.

As he expected he found himself at the end of the building, and felt a gravel path grate beneath his feet. He followed this as rapidly as the darkness and the sharply descending slope permitted, and within a few yards discovered a small low gate. Not stopping to seek for the fastening he vaulted over, and was rewarded by seeing a dim glint of whiteness a little way in

front of him. It was moving slowly, not at all like an intelligent being trying to hoax his fellow creatures, but yet not at all in the gliding snake-like fashion commonly attributed to spooks.

On down the steep path the apparition went, and after it Campbell followed, all his faculties on the alert, and a strange thrill of excitement beginning to warm his veins and make his pulses throb.

He was near enough now to see the outline of the woman plainly. Surely he knew that graceful step, the proud poise of that small head, the singular turn of the slim wrist, extended to feel the way like the hand of a blind person?

It was impossible. Such coincidences did not occur in real life. He was not the hero of a penny novelette.

And yet, reason as he might, the conviction grew strong upon him that this ghost, this sleep-walker, was none other than his Margaret, the girl who had played with his heart and thrown it away, and who was nevertheless still his lodestar, the one love of his life. What she could be doing here in a South Devon churchyard, at ten o'clock of a January night, and walking in her sleep, Campbell did not pause to inquire. He only knew that she was there, oblivious to her surroundings and to his presence, running untold risks to life and limb, not unlikely to injure herself fatally if she made a false step on this rough path cut out of the native rock and raised high above the road below.

Hardly daring to breathe lest he should awake her, Campbell contrived to creep closer and closer to the unconscious girl, until, as they entered the Rectory gates, they were almost side by side.

And then suddenly he lost sight of her. She vanished as completely as she had done in the churchyard.

But he knew now what he had to do,

and instead of trying to follow her further, he guided himself by the sea-pebbles which formed the drive (the "beach" as Job would have called it) till he saw an ivy-covered porch, and knew that he must be at the front door.

He was too full of his own anxiety to notice that other footsteps were coming after him, and he thought he was alone when the door opened to his impatient ring, and the Rector himself appeared. He was not in the least surprised at recognizing his old friend, nor yet at seeing Mrs. Seymour, tall, stately, imperious, rising from her seat in the brightly-lighted drawing-room beyond the dark, oak-panelled hall. It all seemed very like a dream to him, but it converted his instinct as to Margaret's identity into firm conviction.

"Excuse me," he said, in low, agitated accents; "I had no idea that you lived here. Please see to your daughter. She has been walking in her sleep!"

Mrs. Seymour turned upon him with crushing disapprobation.

"My daughter, sir," she said in glacial tones, "is in her room. She was not well, and retired to rest two hours ago."

But the wheezy voice of the ancient grave-digger here broke upon the scene.

"Don't 'ee mek tu sure o' that, mam," it said. "'Tes mucky weather. Luke tu th' maid's feet!"

Job had arrived at the Rectory gate immediately after Margaret and her lover, and some inkling of the truth had dawned even then upon his shrewd old mind. But he jumped to a conclusion on hearing Campbell's words with a rapidity that did credit to his invention.

The Rector took the matter out of his wife's hands with unwonted decision.

"I am heartily glad to see you, Campbell," he said. "Please repeat what you were telling me. I hardly understand."

"I think," said the young man unsteadily, "that Margaret—Miss Seymour—has been walking in her sleep. It is dangerous. It should be stopped."

"Em Linnick said as how her seen a spreet," put in Job, "but Lard love 'ee, sir, I knawed better'n that! 'T'es some pore wumman-body a-walkin' in her slape,' I sez. Lard love 'ee, sir, I ban't silly! I can reckon things out."

Mrs. Seymour was half beside herself with anger, but the Rector kept her silent by a movement of his hand.

"Why do you think the sleep-walker is my daughter?" he asked, including the old man and the young one in his question.

"I can't tell you how I knew. I felt that it was Margaret," said Campbell.

"Mebbe 'twadden she, sir. Mebbe her's fast in bed, same as th' missis saith. But I sez, 'Luke tu her feet' 'T'es mucky weather, an' ef so be as th' maid's been walkin' yu'm bound fur tu find th' muck about her pratty feet!"

Mrs. Seymour did not utter another word. With a curiously chastened expression upon her hard handsome countenance she quietly passed out of the room and up the wide low stairs.

"I believe you are fond of my daughter, Cutteridge! I have heard you speak very kindly to her."

The Rector's worn face was as gentle as his words.

"Ess fey, sir, us awl luv'es Miss Marg'ret. Ever sence yure missis med my missis wash a New Yare's Day, us 'ave seed as Miss Marg'ret wer' awverluded an' marked fur death; an' ther' ban't wan on us tu Meadwell as wudden du anything her wunted us tu. Us be terrible fond of our Miss Marg'ret."

Mr. Seymour took the old man's rough hand in his thin aristocratic fingers, and Job flushed as if he had been a woman. "Thank you for what you say, my friend. Now I will ask you to do something for Miss Margaret. Whether she is to live or to die the Lord in His mer-

cy only knows; but it would grieve her deeply to learn that she had been walking in her sleep on the holy ground about God's house, and if you will help us, Job, please God she shall never know. Keep what you have guessed to yourself for my daughter's sake, and earn my lasting gratitude."

The grave-digger passed his knuckles over his sunk, red-rimmed blue eyes. It was a sore trial to him to relinquish the pride and glory of telling such a tale, and no money would have purchased his silence. But the Rector, reclusive and student though he was, could gauge human nature better than some others of his cloth, and he went the right way to work with Job Cutteridge.

"'T'es pore trade tellin' on other folks' bizness," said the old man at last. "Ef 'twill plaze Miss Marg'ret, sir, I'm gormed ef I don't keep my tongue atween my teeth till the day as I digs the grave for her buryin'—or rings the bell fur her weddin', sur!"

"Then I will bid you good-night now," said the Rector. "Good-night, and God bless you! Campbell, will you let Cutteridge out, and then come back to me? It seems a long time since we saw you last, and Margaret and I were hurt, perhaps unduly, by your leaving London without bidding us farewell."

Margaret Seymour did not die, and local tradition was at fault. The gossips were fain to fall back on another explanation of their saw.

"Her tu Rectory have a-losted her dearess fur sure," they said when Charlie Campbell bore his bride away, within six months of that fateful New Year's Day. "Twadden her fault as 'twas a weddin' an' not a buryin' as tuk Miss Marg'ret otherweres. But her wun't mek old Sally wash next New Yare's Day, I'll be bound! Sally an' Job they'm awl of everythin' down tu Rectory now, an' I sim passon be

never tired of hearin' Job praychin' on hees old tales."

The Rector will do no less useful work henceforth for showing so great an interest in the "old tales" of the people among whom his lines have fallen. The peasantry of South Devon do not reveal the best of themselves save to those with whom they are in sympathy. They have a natural shy reserve with "furriners" and "better-most persons" who cannot appreciate

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the fine simplicity which cloaks so much native cleverness and acute discrimination. As they say of themselves: "'Tidden proudness, but us be bashful; that's wher' 'tes." Thus a stranger might spend many days in Meadwell, and never get a hint of the story related here, although if it were told to Job, or Em Linnick, or Sally, they would nod their heads and say: "Ess fey, 'tes trooth. That be the sinse of et."

E. M. Whishaw.

LITERATURE AND DEMOCRACY.

In the introduction to his history of the century which is linked with the name of Louis the Fourteenth, Voltaire explains his view of that epoch with his usual clearness and certainty. For him it is, in brief, the age of perfection. For every thinking man, he says, there are only four centuries in the history of the race, and of these he reckons the one at the close of which he was born as undoubtedly the greatest. If it did not surpass in every art the age of Alexander, of Augustus and of the Medici, it yet reached a higher standard of general perfection than had ever before been attained. It is not possible for us to take quite so exalted a view as this of our own times. All through the century we have been subject to alternate spasms of complacency and despair; at one moment we have been ready to proclaim the millennium, and at another we have questioned whether any millennium can possibly be in store for our distracted world. But if in our most optimistic mood we shrink from describing it as an age of perfection, we seldom hesitate to call it an age of progress. This is its most generally accepted designa-

tion, and it is the happiest compromise between modesty and hopefulness that we can discover. We have not reached the goal, but we are proceeding towards it, and that at no mean rate; we may dwell upon the first or second clause of the sentence according as our mood is arrogant or depressed.

In some ways we have every right to felicitate ourselves; in many directions—in practical science, in material prosperity, in philanthropic enterprise, for instance—there has been an advance of a steady and very beneficent kind. In preventive medicine alone enough has been done during the last five and twenty years to earn the enduring gratitude of all those who are concerned (and who is not?) in the suffering of humanity. We have certainly succeeded in making ourselves far more comfortable than we have ever been before, and to a generation as sensitive to pain as ours this is no small thing. It is only when we turn from the practical and material to life's other aspects that we find ourselves in a less confident frame of mind.

The age of which Voltaire wrote was dominated by the prince who gave it

his name. The epoch which completed and crowned the system of centralization, for which Richelieu had cleared the ground and dug the foundations, was emphatically the King's century. The rule of Louis the Fourteenth extended far beyond the general domain of government; he was not much more supreme in questions of politics than in questions of taste, and the intellectual and artistic movements of the time can hardly be viewed apart from their relation to the throne. His crowded reign of seventy-two years drew at last to a calamitous end, and the people he had ruined flung gibes and curses at his coffin as it passed unwept to St. Denis. But the literature of the reign survived the wreck of the splendid fabric of which it had been the stateliest column; and the greatest names in French letters still shield from contumely and oblivion the memory of the sovereign who made their triumphs his own. He was not wanting to their glory; they are not wanting to his. In spite of the passionate loyalty which acknowledged—it could not repay—a life of incomparable devotion to the nation's service, we can perceive in our own time no parallel to the influence which was exercised by royalty in the age of Louis the Fourteenth; no such harmonious atmosphere as that influence produced, no such sense of unity and coherence pervades the period we are considering. Among the shifting currents of modern ideas, the democratic sentiment is the one which may be traced most plainly; and diffusion, not concentration, is the democratic aim. It is not unusual to speak of the Victorian Era as though it represented a single period (with subdivisions) in our literary history, but this appearance of unity is only to be gained by a rather arbitrary arrangement of facts. To make a revolution in thought, or a new development in art, fit into such convenient divisions

of time as a reign or a century is a practice which cannot but commend itself to every orderly mind; and when to this chronological instinct is added the desire to link our age with a beloved and very great name, the temptation becomes almost irresistible. But the practice is more natural than accurate, since to the absence of any central authority uniting or determining the lines along which art and literature have travelled, we must add an acceleration in the pace at which we move. We are mentally and spiritually more remote from the early Victorian than might have been expected reckoning only by dates, and the appearance of "The Origin of Species" (in 1859) draws a sharper line of intellectual demarcation across the century than the Queen's accession or the appearance in the same year of Lockhart's "Life of Scott" and "The Pickwick Papers." The literary splendors which make us feel so content with ourselves in our retrospective musings belong almost entirely to the first twenty-five years of the reign; we are living to-day upon reputations which were made over half a century ago.

The fifteen years which preceded the Queen's accession were years of transition, but they do not show any definite interruption in our literary sequence, or any very long pause in production. Silence had fallen upon the group of poets who had filled the opening years of the century with music. Keats died in 1821, Shelley in 1822, Byron in 1824; and by that date the task of Coleridge and Wordsworth was all but done. But Scott and Hallam were still at work, and the new voices were already audible; those years which have lately been described as the flattest and most unproductive of the century gave us not only "Quentin Durward," "The Talisman," "The Fair Maid of Perth" and Landor's "Imaginary Conversations," but also "Sartor Resartus," Browning's

"Pauline," Tennyson's first volume ("Poems chiefly Lyrical"), and fifteen of Macaulay's essays. These heralded a wave of extraordinary energy which reached its height soon after the middle of the century—the year 1855 saw the publication of Browning's "Men and Women," "The Newcomes," "Maud," "Westward Ho," the third and fourth volume of Macaulay's "History of England," and the completion of Grote's "History of Greece"—and receding a few years later left us all the work of Thackeray, the Brontës, Macaulay, Mrs. Browning, Borrow and Fitzgerald, and the best work of Tennyson, Ruskin, Carlyle, Dickens, Froude, Kingsley, Browning and George Eliot; and to these we must add the lovely cadences in which the age heard a new note of vain aspiration and vain regret with which (though never again so exquisitely as in Arnold's poems) it was afterwards to become very familiar. If ever there was a moment when we might have been permitted to contemplate our literary position with calm satisfaction, it should surely have been at a time when we had just been enriched with such costly and various treasures as those which are recalled by this list of names. This brilliant period, however, had not closed, before we were startled by a voice which denounced in decisive tones not only our greed and our stupidity, our materialism and our narrow-mindedness, but our lack of literary taste and intellectual conscience. The first part of the message was not altogether strange. The Victorian Era had already had its prophets; it had listened more or less attentively to Carlyle's resonant utterances and to Ruskin's splendid phrase, to the one preacher who bade us seek salvation in lifting our eyes to the Eternal and Infinite, and to the other who prayed us to leave off contemplating our trade-returns and cleanse our minds by the

vision of beauty incarnate in leaf and cloud. It had been left to Arnold to suggest a third way of combating the Anglo-Saxon vice of materialism. "The way of intellectual deliverance," said he, "is the peculiar demand of ages which are called modern. Such a deliverance is emphatically the demand of the age in which we ourselves live."

Considering what those twenty-five years had done for us, it seems at first sight as though the prophet had made a mistake; surely so far as literature was concerned, it was not the moment to reproach us with our national shortcomings. And yet when we look again we see plainly that Arnold was right. The years which had so greatly enriched our literature had also produced a large class of readers for whom literature had no significance at all. A century ago a comparatively small class was interested in letters, and writers of that day addressed a cultivated and critical audience. The circle had widened considerably when Arnold wrote, and the increase in the number of readers had already resulted in the formation of two publics which might then have been briefly distinguished as the people who read Tupper and the people who read Tennyson—those who liked to see their own mediocrity reflected in books and those who sought in books a refuge from mediocrity—from their own as well as any other. The latter was of course very much the larger of the two, and it was to it that Arnold's exhortations were chiefly, though not exclusively, addressed; it was in their ears that he reiterated his assurance that if we could only get to know on the matters which most concern us the best that has been taught and said to the world, it would be impossible to retain unamended the stock notions and habits which he found so extremely distasteful. Arnold's influence upon his generation was weakened by the too classic bent

of his mind, by a want of sympathy with the attitude of others; it was hard for him not to confound convictions he did not share with prejudices he despised. The critic, it has been said, may have preferences, but no exclusions, and he had many. Roused, however by his taunts, we attempted to exchange materialism tinged by religion for materialism tempered by culture. Moved by a generous concern for those to whom "the best that has been thought and said in the world" was unknown, and likely to remain so without special intervention, we have expended much energy in writing primers and arranging epitomes; history has been sliced into epochs and theology compressed into magazine articles; we have enabled a great many people to claim a casual acquaintance with eras of literature and systems of art; we have not implanted in them, with any marked success, either the scholarly temper or the literary conscience. This is to say that we have not yet found any means of reconciling literary and democratic ideals.

In the popular attitude as regards literature, two defects are constantly visible—impatience of authority and indifference to form. In their hostility to the old order, the leaders of the intellectual revolt of the eighteenth century recognized one striking exception; in their determined and triumphant attack upon authority, literary precedent was singled out as the object of particular reverence. Voltaire imposed his own sense of the dignity of letters upon his contemporaries, and the disintegrating theories of the age were let loose upon the world in language of singular restraint and precision; the antique bases of society were shattered, but the dogma of the dramatic unities was preserved intact. In the reaction which followed the revolt, the dethroned and mutilated statues were hastily replaced upon their pedestals;

men turned with relief from the monstrous sentimentality of the Revolution to a saner and sincerer view of life. Chateaubriand's seductive pages brought Christianity again into fashion; romance resumed and extended her sway; souls, sickened and dismayed by the shattering of high ideals, sought healing for their wounds in a sacramental communion with nature. In the general revulsion of sentiment the one authority which the age of Voltaire had revered was in its turn rejected or ignored; in its eager protest against threadbare formality, literature lost something of its regard for form; in its new ardor for liberty, it shook off too impatiently its traditional reticence and self-restraint. To these defects the very wealth of the early part of the reign contributed. In its bewildering diversity of gifts, there were so many styles to admire that style was a little overlooked; and though it may seem paradoxical to accuse of neglect of form the epoch which numbers among its achievements Landor's state-like harmonies, the deliberate and exquisite art of Tennyson, and the clear gravity of Newman, to name no lesser names, it is still certain that the influence of many of our great writers has tended on the whole to weaken the literary scruples of their successors. Men of genius have forced us to admire them in spite of their style; it has been proved to us very effectively that a man may be slovenly, obscure, unintelligible, and yet a great writer; and our splendid years, unlike the age of Louis the Fourteenth, have bequeathed to us many masterpieces but very few models. This harmonizes precisely with the temper of the time which is more and more disposed to estimate a writer's position either by individual liking or by popular vote; and this is not to be wondered at, since for the mass of readers no other criterion is within reach. They have no desire to

violate the canons of taste; they are not aware of their existence. For the just appreciation of literature, as of music and painting, the trained ear and eye are essential. A man may be born with the critical faculty, but no man is born a critic; and for those who combine, as is the popular habit, a feverish desire for knowledge with a yet more feverish impatience of study, whose wish to reach the journey's end is united to an insuperable aversion to the fatigues of the road, it is unfortunately impossible to repair the omission. Sir George Trevelyan has told us that, when the first two volumes of Macaulay's History was published (in 1848), "at Dukinfield, near Manchester, a gentleman invited his poorer neighbors to attend every evening after their work was finished and read the History aloud to them from beginning to end. At the close of the last meeting, one of the audience rose and moved, in north-country fashion, a vote of thanks to Mr. Macaulay 'for having written a history which working-men can understand.'" So diligently have we cultivated a habit of restless mental inconsequence that it would not be easy at the present day to find any audience which would listen to a work as long as Macaulay's History from beginning to end; a selection of entertaining passages would be all that any one would venture to propose.

With the immense increase in the demand for something to read which the last twenty or thirty years have witnessed, the intellectual deliverance for which Arnold sighed has grown still more remote, and to our older defects the last thirty years have added a steady decline in creative force and a continual narrowing of the range of imaginative vision. They are rich in essays and monographs, in historical research, and in philosophical and critical studies; that is to say, in those forms of literary activity with which

the mass of readers is in no way concerned; but between history and literature the breach grows wider; and in fiction and poetry what names have we to set against those which have been cited as belonging to the first years of the reign? As the century grows older it grows poorer. The best work of Rossetti, William Morris, Mr. Swinburne and Coventry Patmore was completed some thirty years ago. It is forty years since "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel" was published, thirty since "Lorna Doone," and twenty since "John Inglesant;" a long stretch of road divides "Under the Greenwood Tree" from "Jude the Obscure;" and Stevenson's sun went down while it was yet day. We still have Mr. Kipling, but no lover of England and English literature can help observing him with a somewhat apprehensive eye. From "The Man who would be King" to "The Day's Work" and "Stalky & Co.," is a dismal descent, and we watch with anxiety for what is to happen next. Our hopes for the future of poetry hang upon a host of minor poets, each week adding to their number, but not to their quality. In fiction, the absence of distinction is so marked at present that he who should undertake to name the best half-dozen novelists of the moment would resemble the man who made a hole in the dyke because he wanted a pailful of water, and found too late that he had admitted the ocean. In connection with the popular novelists, one circumstance must be noticed at the risk of seeming ungracious to those who have given us a good deal of entertaining reading. The popular author's first work is almost invariably his best. We have perhaps no right to insist that, because a man has written one good book, he must have it in him to write another; and still the fact remains that during the last decade or two we have seen a considerable amount of promise unfollowed by any

fulfilment; the first book is generally not only fresher and brighter than the second and the twenty-second, but also less slipshod in construction and less meagre in design. This is perhaps in part the fault of the critics, whose kindly anxiety to encourage rising talent sometimes leads them to persuade the climber that he has reached the summit while he is still only on the lower slopes of the hill. The young writer who is assured (as has recently been the case with a living poet) that the quality of his work is *Æschylean*, *Shakespearian*, *Virgilian*, *Miltonic*, *Sophoclean*, *Tennysonian* and *Dantesque*, can hardly help believing, one may suppose, that his climbing days are done; unless indeed these sonorous epithets should rather set him wondering whether his reviewers' memories of those great writers had not grown somewhat dim. But those who are tempted to blame the reviewers for expressing a sense of general excellence rather too emphatically should remember that critics are hardly less numerous than writers. We seem indeed to have returned to that time of which it is said, more pithily perhaps than elegantly:

No town can such a gang of critics show;
E'en boys turn up the nose they cannot blow.

And where a great many people are talking at once, one must shout if one means to be heard.

To the increase in the number of readers we owe that curious incident in literary history, the rise of the novel. It was evident that without some miraculous change in our intellectual habits, if every body was to read, reading-matter must be presented in some shape that would make no demand upon the mental powers; and the novel and the newspaper are the only means

of meeting this requirement. When about a century ago, Monk Lewis heard that his mother had written a novel and proposed to publish it, he was painfully agitated at the tidings. Not all the fame of "*Evelina*" seemed to him enough to compensate a woman for the dangers entailed by an appearance in print. "I do most earnestly and urgently supplicate you," he says, "whatever be its merits, not to publish your novel. . . . It would do a material injury to *Sophia*; and her mother's turning novel-writer would, I am convinced, not only severely hurt *Maria's* feelings, but raise the greatest prejudice against her in her husband's family. As for myself, I really think I should go to the Continent immediately upon your taking such a step." "We have often been astonished," Jeffrey wrote, a few years later, "at the quantity of talent that may be found in those works of fiction . . . which are seldom regarded as titles to a permanent reputation;" and one of Scott's objections to avow the authorship of "*Waverley*" was his doubt whether it would be considered decorous for a Clerk of Session to write novels. These twin prejudices have disappeared so completely that we can hardly realize their existence; at the present time it is said that a novel is published in this country for every day of the year, and for the majority of readers literature and fiction are interchangeable terms. In comparing the fiction of the earlier period with that of our own, we note a difference in the writer's position. "I was a bit puzzled," says Stevenson's *Will o' the Mill*, "whether it was myself or the world that was worth looking into." We have for the most part decided in favor of ourselves; the less introspective and self-conscious generation for which Dickens and Thackeray wrote made a different choice. For Scott the world was full of stories waiting to be told; for Dickens and

Thackeray, for Reade and Charles Kingsley it was full of human beings so interesting that they could not help talking about them. Life seems to press the stuff into their hands saying, "Do what you will with it, there is plenty more." This consciousness of wealth explains, it may be said in passing, the attitude of some writers to plagiarism. Instead of defending himself from charges of plagiarism, Byron ought, says Goethe, to have merely remarked, "What is there is mine, and whether I got it from a book or from life is of no consequence." He thought Scott had done quite right in borrowing a scene from "Egmont" for "Kenilworth;" he had made a good use of the loan, and no other question need be asked. "My Mephistopheles sings a song from Shakespeare, and why should he not?" For the climax of "Wallenstein" Schiller too went to Shakespeare.

Gordon.—Er schläft,—O mordet nicht den heiligen Schlaf!

Buttler.—Nein, er soll wachend sterben.¹

We should have torn Goethe and Scott and Schiller in pieces for unscrupulous thieves; we are too poor not to be honest if we would preserve our reputations. But the men in whose quarries we are all wont to dig thought nothing of carrying home any good stone that pleased their fancy to build into their own walls.

In Mr. Kipling's earlier work we find exactly this sense of being in such close communication with life that he has only to ask and have, but the same thing cannot be said of any other living writer of fiction. We live in a somewhat impoverished time when writers may be roughly divided into

two classes, one of which has a creditable command of pleasant and picturesque expression, but nothing very particular to say. To this class belongs the novelist who laments that the earlier comers have used up all the plots and all the periods; like the needy knife-grinder, he has no story to tell, and in default he goes up and down searching conscientiously for effective situations and convincing emotions, the straw of which his bricks must be made. Since life does not come to him, he goes rather dispiritedly in pursuit of life; instead of writing of what he has seen, he strains his eyes to see something that he may write about, no matter what—a drain-pipe or a dust-bin may answer the purpose. If we take, for example, the historical novel which for some years past has been so much in fashion, it would seem, judging of course from internal evidence only, that the novelist begins by selecting his epoch; he then procures the best hundred and fifty books on the subject and reads them carefully, notebook on hand; when he has learned the names of the principal personages of the time, and has jotted down turns of speech and specimens of costume appropriate to an archer or a highwayman or a damsel in distress, he adds a suitable proportion of scenery and dialogue, and if possible a plot; and so the thing is done. We seem to observe, though not quite so plainly, the same process carried out sometimes in the case of novels that are not historical. First a becoming costume is selected and then a man is found to fill it. Thackeray, we know, took some pains, when he was writing "The Virginians," to learn the color of George Washington's waistcoat, but nothing in the book leads us to suppose that his conception of George Washington began with that historic piece of material. There is a difference not only in the goal but in the starting-point. This

¹ G.—He sleeps,—oh do not murder holy sleep!

B.—No, he shall die awake.

want of any intimate relationship to life is further betrayed by the narrow range of emotion which is dealt with in the pages of our contemporaries. If we are to believe these reporters, there are rarely more than three characters in the whole drama of existence—the man, the woman and the other woman; or the woman, the man and the other man. Such a practice is incompatible with any clear vision of life, and we are grateful to Stevenson for reminding us of this truth—for this, and for how much more!

Writers of another class justify their existence on the ground that they deal not with imagination, but with reality. Scott was a story-teller pure and simple; the generation that followed him was a little more self-conscious, a little more alive to the fact that the novelist has at his command a vehicle that may serve more than its primary purpose. Neither Dickens nor Thackeray was averse to improving the occasion, but the instruction or reproof which their stories convey is not an essential part of them. No one now reads Dickens—no one probably ever did—to learn his views on the Court of Chancery or the working of the Poor Laws. The absorbing emotion of "Jane Eyre" and "Villette" left no room for any didactic motive, but Charles Reade and Kingsley and George Eliot were very much awake to their mission; and thenceforward we find the moralist and the story-teller more and more hotly disputing possession of the novel. At present a large number of people write novels only because it is a convenient way of acquainting the world with their views on religious or social problems; they would just as soon write pamphlets or sermons if they had the same chance of being read. These works unfortunately labor very commonly under a double disadvantage; they are not pretty and they have nothing to do with art; but neverthe-

less the public swiftly recognized that this was just what was wanted, and turned forthwith with its anxious questionings to the writers who undertook, like the correspondence column in a ladies' journal to answer enquiries upon every section of life on the easiest terms. Ought women to marry? Ought men to pray? For the reply to these and many other enigmas we have only to subscribe to Mudie's; and meanwhile the preacher, who seemed in danger of being ousted from his pulpit, has deftly turned his rival into his ally and takes the novel of the hour for his text. "I must keep up with them," says the breathless revolutionist as he hurries after the crowd; "I am their leader!"

In this wide diffusion of what is sometimes called literary taste many critics discover reason for much satisfaction. It is chiefly this circumstance which leads them to declare that literature has never held so proud a position as it does to-day. For every one who made authorship his profession at the beginning of the century, hundreds may now be counted. Everybody reads, almost everybody writes, and most of what is written is readable; the half-penny newspapers alone enable millions to keep up with the march of intellect both at home and abroad. We cannot open a magazine without lighting upon verses which would put Mrs. Hemans to shame; we are as intimate with Maeterlinck and Björnson as a fairly complete ignorance of foreign tongues will permit, and we blush to think that our parents revelled in "The Chronicles of Barsetshire" and made each other birthday presents of "Proverbial Philosophy." If further proof is wanted, look at the money that is in it! "The great prizes of the professions," says Sir Walter Besant, "are becoming every day greater and more numerous. In every club where men of letters are to be found there appear

every year more who attempt the profession, and with an exception here and there they all seem to get on. The pecuniary prizes of popular success are very substantial and are increasing by leaps and bounds." What more do we want? Should any dubious spectator of these popular successes venture to enquire how many pounds of talent are a fair exchange for a grain of genius, or how many minor poets outweigh one major, he is informed that the only hindrance to particular distinction lies in our general excellence. In a less opulent age, almost any one of our popular authors would be recognized as eminently good; it is only because the majority of his contemporaries are also eminently good that the impression made upon us is one of mediocrity.

Some such impression is undoubtedly made; and with every wish to be just to ourselves, it is hard to see which of our minor poets, graceful and charming though their verses are, would have sat in the seat, say, of Herrick or Gray, if he had only arrived at the banquet a little earlier. But there is no need to

make ourselves very unhappy on this account, or to consider the position of English literature desperate because for the time being our writers are more prolific than distinguished, more melancholy than serious. It may at least be argued on the popular side, that if a man has nothing very particular to say, it does not matter very much how he says it; and it is also true that no carelessness is so exasperating as a pretentious and elaborate arrangement of words under which we can detect no flicker of thought. Yet when we reckon up the gains of the last sixty years, solid and important as they are, we must set in the opposite column the fact that we have taught a vast number of people to read and to think—to read what is vulgar and slovenly, and to think there is no harm in it. In the mournful estrangement between literature and life we have lost much of the serenity, the composure, the breadth of view, the pure and deep delight in something greater than ourselves, which is literature's best gift to a nation.

Macmillan's Magazine.

O WILD SOUTH-WESTER.

O wild south-wester whose strong beat
My little one loves best,
From whose salt-stinging kiss my sweet
Goes ruddy to her rest;

Blow! and her brave young spirit raise,
Stirred by your splendid strife,
To range with you your wider ways,
And live your larger life:

Beat! till she thinks how, safe apart,
Love trims a haven-light;
Tell her that here, too, in my heart
The tides run high to-night.

The Academy.

P. H. L.

POETRY OF THE SEA.

In precisely the same way, I suppose, as the best journalists—*i. e.*, those who give the most vivid impressions of what they have seen to their readers—are men who have apparently devoted a wonderfully short space of time to their observations, so it would seem that for the writing of real sea poetry an extended acquaintance with maritime conditions is not merely unnecessary but hampering. I come to this conclusion reluctantly, but inevitably, for in common with all reading seafarers I have noticed that we may look in vain for sea poetry from sailors. Sailors have written verse, Falconer's "Shipwreck" to wit, but between that peculiar poem and the marvellous majesty, profound insight, and truly amazing knowledge of deep-sea secrets exhibited in the "Ancient Mariner" how great a gulf is fixed!

"Only those who brave its dangers comprehend its mystery" rings true, and yet it is no less true that Longfellow, very little more of a sailor than Coleridge, has also interpreted the mystery of the mighty ocean in a manner (most sailors think) only second in true poetic power to that of Coleridge. To the well-read sailor—and there are far more of him than one would imagine, remembering the poverty of his literary output—Coleridge always stands easily highest, Longfellow next, and Byron next as the interpreters of the voices of the sea. The Biblical allusions to the sea in the Old Testament (always in terms of poetry, be it remembered, the Inspired writers seeming only able to express themselves rhythmically about the sea) stand on a plane of their own. Their truth, their stupendous power, is felt, as the voices of the sea are felt, rather than heard, but it is only seldom that the sailor ob-

tains any enjoyment from them. They are overwhelming. Something of sacrilege seems involved in the attempt to enjoy them as literature, and also, although I have only twice or thrice heard this mooted, there certainly is a feeling that grand as the passages are, they have lost immeasurably by translation. That could they but be read, with full comprehension, in the original, their splendor would be beyond all ordinary thought.

But to return for a moment to the idea in the first paragraph of this article. Is not this clogging of the poetic foot, this hopeless congestion of the mental faculties forbidding their expressing what they feel, rather the rule than the exception everywhere, and not merely at sea? Is the spectacle of the man who knows too much and is consequently unable to make profitable use of his knowledge a rare one? I think not, and yet how sad a sight it is. The faculty of clear expression of thought seems to be one of the rarest even in prose. Perhaps that is why, as if in despair, certain writers who revel in obscurity, whose meaning or meanings (for there are usually several alternatives) are apparently hidden from even themselves, are elevated to such an exalted plane by critics of eminence. These gentlemen finding doubtless an intellectual exercise of the highest stimulating properties in elucidating the dark sayings of their favorites, proclaim aloud to a wondering world that in these literary mazes are alone to be found the true prophetic and informing messages for mankind.

And yet all the great masterpieces of prose and poetry are distinguished by clarity of expression, simplicity of diction. That is, if by masterpieces we understand those works that have gone

down deepest into the hearts of the greatest multitude of people. Fords that a babe can wade, depths in which a mammoth may disport himself are these massive works of the giants of literature. In them the sailor luxuriates, pointing their beauties out to his shipmates in quaint language, and bewailing his inability to go and deal likewise with the glories amidst which he lives and moves and has his being.

There is one poet, however, over whose claim to the proud title there is much controversy among experts, who does certainly come nearer to satisfying the primitive needs of the sailor in the matter of adequate sea-expression than either of the three first mentioned. And yet he is placed in a class by himself—he does not appear to claim precedence to the sailor's mind among other poets. Really I think that sailors are apt to claim Rudyard Kipling as one of themselves—I know for a fact that any sailor five minutes in his company will find his tongue wagging freely in familiar nautical jargon and will never dream of stopping to explain. Yet Kipling is no seaman. He has never spent the long, long hours of the night watches on board of a sailing ship in a stark calm, or with all sail furled but the barest scrap of canvas, in the grip of a howling gale, far out of the track of most shipping. And this not for one or two days but for all the best years of a man's life. So that occasionally even he makes mistakes, detected at once by the keen sensitiveness of the sailor, but looked upon most indulgently in his case because of the general accuracy of his knowledge and the intense sympathy with his subject manifested in all he does. That savage, brutal energy so apparent in his verse appeals powerfully to the sailor. It is of the sea, it rings true, as truly as does his much maligned rhyme of the engine-room to the practical, inaudible engineer.

But some may ask, "What about ballad poetry? Do not the stirring lyrics of Dibdin, Russell, Alan Cunningham and Barry Cornwall appeal to the sailor? Did not the first named touch the sailor's heart in the days when a British Government found it worth their while to subsidize him for the way in which his stirring songs brought men into the Navy?" The best answer to that must be found in the fact that, whether you go into the forecandle of a merchantman or on to the lower deck of a man-of-war when singing is going on, the songs that you will never hear are the old sea songs. Why is this? Because the sailor being intensely critical of everything he reads cannot away with the false fustian, the utterly unseamanlike jargon that these songs contain, and turns for relief to the latest music-hall inanity, which amuses him, at any rate.

High appreciation of the splendid deeds of a bygone day, such as that of Mr. Henry Newbolt's "Admirals All," massive, spirit-stirring and historically true, can and does appeal to the men in the Navy; but, after all, these fine poems deal with the warlike doings of men almost exclusively, and only by the subtlest of touches is the wide salt atmosphere of the ancient yet ever youthful sea conveyed. Over the heads of the hardly bestead merchant seamen these poems glide forcelessly. A rugged chantey like the "Ballad of the Bolivar," with all its merciless over-emphasis, its savagery, its Berseker bitterness, finds their heart's core at once. Reading it or hearing it they feel the brine scorching their sea-split hands and feet, they hear the hiss of the curling wave-summit as it threatens to overwhelm their ungainly craft, the broken groans of the tortured engines beneath their feet grind upon their soul-strings, and they see reflected in each other's faces the fundamental fact of the imminence of death.

Therefore it is that in considering sea-poetry I would unhesitatingly give the pre-eminent position to such men as can by their primitive, rugged words, full of the elemental power that is characteristic of the ocean, strike more directly at the sailor's heart. What does it matter if occasionally there be to the sensitive ear of the highly-educated critic a jarring note? May it not be that he whose life is being passed in the careful balancing of measured language, who has all the literary artist's delight in the coruscations of faceted words, may not understand the need there is for direct, primitive, forceful expression of so mighty a chorus of voices as those of the immemorial sea? The sailor feels always, although in almost every case he lacks utterly the ability to interpret his feelings by the spoken word, that the strong wine of his life is apt to lose its headiness, its savor, when presented in a chased and jewelled goblet whose very glitter makes him fear to take it in hand; feels, too, if I may use a coarse simile, very much like the dog in the manger because he himself cannot deliver his

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soul of its depth of experimental knowledge, because, while the innermost chords of his being vibrate fiercely as the song of the sea sweeps against them, he has no power to tune them so that those who are without shall be able to hear and understand; therefore no mere *dilettante* landmen, no petty amateur looking upon the sea from the comfortable height of the promenade deck, ought to be credited with the ability to interpret those sensations which the sailor has insensibly grown to regard as almost too sacred for expression.

The time is fully ripe for the advent of the sailor poet and the marine engineer poet. Whether they write in terms of rhyme or no I care not. A virgin field awaits them, a noble inheritance maturing for ages. They can, if they come, utterly refute the false and foolish prattle of the arm-chair philosophers, and prove triumphantly that, so far from the romance and poetry of the sea being dead, it has hardly yet been given any adequate expression whatever.

F. T. Bullen.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS IN THE GOSPELS.

Science during the last hundred years has revealed a vast amount of absolute truth. Countless questions which have puzzled the ages have been categorically answered. A few men have discovered, with infinite work and patience, a secret of some of the greater or lesser laws of Nature, and the majority have accepted what they were told as a rule of thumb and have proved its truth by practice. A generation which has got so much certain information on such easy terms not unnaturally chafes under the impossibility of obtaining a

categorical answer to questions of more vital importance to the individual than any which pure science can ever settle—chafes, too, at the necessity of working out these questions every man for himself. The result of all the new knowledge is that life is happier than it was, longer than it was; fuller than it was; but the end, if not so soon, is none the less sure, and ever more unwelcome. "To die, to sleep, to dream," there is still the rub; and to eyes accustomed to the electric light of science the religious light of

revelation tends to seem too dim and indefinite.

Most of the questions which we of the twentieth century should like to have asked of our Lord do not appear to have occurred to men of the first century. And those questions which the Apostles did put to Him our Lord seems to have answered very indirectly. Christ gave men principles by the acceptance of which they were to enlighten their consciences "so as they might perceive and know what were the things they ought to do," but He laid down few rules, and of curiosity He took no account. Questions of faith and morals seem hardly to admit of plain categorical answers. Figures always mean the same in every month and every century, but words change their shades of meaning from decade to decade, and indeed no two people use them quite alike. Christ's expedient of calling up an image, of enunciating a principle, in answer to His questioners, largely avoids the destructive obscurity in which time envelops the exact meaning of single words. Are there few that be saved? asked the Apostles. "Strive to enter in at the straight gate," answered, or rather adjured, our Lord, because "straight is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life." Again, when He is asked if it were lawful to give tribute to Cæsar, He replies neither "Yes" nor "No," but so far as we understand his answer it comes to this—settle your own political difficulties, having regard to what is just and right. To the man who demanded that his brother should be recommended to divide his inheritance with him, our Lord declares that it is not for him to decide. "Who made me a ruler and a judge?" He asks; "keep yourselves from covetousness." The man must settle his own dispute, only putting away from himself his blinding self-interest. It is this continual appeal to the reason and

conscience, and this avoidance of definite rules which makes Christianity, while it is the most binding of all services, in a sense, perfect freedom. Two men in the Gospel narrative ask what they shall do to inherit eternal life. They get different answers; evidently there is no royal road. The young man with great possessions was told that if he would "enter into life" he must keep the Commandments, and he with a modern pertinacity which gains the immediate sympathy of the present generation, demanded "Which?" Our Lord quotes five out of the ten—those against murder, false witness, adultery, theft and the command to honor parents, adding, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Only when the young man replied that he had done all this from his youth up and still felt that he lacked something was the injunction to free himself of his worldly possessions added, "if he would be perfect." We are told that he went away sorrowful, and no wonder. A lawyer coming with the same desire to enter into life was asked for his own reading of the general trend of Jewish law. When he replies by quoting the two great Commandments, he is told to keep those two and he will live. He asks what was meant by the second, and a parable explains, or rather suggests, the meaning of the word "neighbor." Why, we wonder, did he not require an explanation of the "first and greatest Commandment," instead of the one which we are strangely told "is like unto it?" Apparently there were questions which "they durst not ask." No one doubted that Lazarus was raised from the dead. No one, so far as we know, asked "Where hast thou been, whom hast thou seen, these three days?"

St. Paul foretold a time when faith and hope and charity would have to stand alone, no longer supported by knowledge or by supernatural gifts, at

the same time declaring, with an audacity which still startles the Christian world, that faith was not the greatest of these three virtues. St. Paul's prophecy seems to be coming true. In the eyes of the thinking world logically demonstrable proof has "vanished away." Wonders seem to have ceased, and there is a tendency to deny the claim of physical phenomena to prove spiritual truth. All the same, hope and confidence in God still abide, and "the yet more excellent way" of charity never shone clearer than in the present age. The fundamental reason why faith is still upon earth we take to be this. If there is a God at all, it must be He, and not man, who is responsible for religion. It is extraordinary how many religious-minded people think that only by their own heroic efforts of argument they can maintain the providence of God and the personality of Christ. Mistaking position for personality, they go—as the writer to the Epistle to the Hebrews said they would—up unto heaven to bring Christ down, and down to the depths in search of Him, while all the while "the Word is very nigh unto them," the supernatural cause of all their agitation. That great poet of doubt, Clough, well expressed his faith in these words: "I steadier step when I recall That though I slip Thou dost not fall." The spiritual truth of the central dogma of Christianity seems to us to be that God began, and will maintain, that communication with man which we call religion; and if we may use an old-fashioned phrase, the Psalmist foreshadowed in a type this dogma when the Word of God came unto him saying: "My heart hath talked of thee. Seek ye my face;" and ever since man ceased to be an animal he has replied like the Psalmist: "Thy face, Lord, will I seek." Meanwhile, the search is often painful, and seems sometimes to be carried on nearly in the dark.

Still, the city which nineteen hundred years ago was set on a hill cannot be hid. Our Lord still astonishes us, as He did the Jews, by His authority. His words wake now, as then, an instinctive confirmation in the heart of man—like a half-forgotten memory. And we should say that this authority was never so widely accepted as in these doubt-racked days. But we shall be told belief in a future life is less widespread than it was. And we must agree that it is far less widely acquiesced in, and that among the educated a certain minority do not acquiesce in it at all, while almost all the faithful cry out at times openly or secretly: "How long dost Thou make us to doubt?" But the whole of Christ's teachings is not taken up with eschatology, nor yet a very large part of it. While men believed implicitly in heaven and hell, did they accept Christ's authority in other matters? Did they seek to bless their enemies and love their brethren, to purify their own hearts, show mercy, avoid vengeance, and make peace, half as much as we do? Was there ever a time when questions of right and wrong entered so largely into the discussion of affairs of State as at present? Would not cruelties, persecutions and oppressions the sight of which were almost enjoyed during the so-called ages of faith now revolt the roughest crowd in London? Surely the consciences, if not the speculations, of men are being rapidly Christianized. Is it not possible that Christendom, now so poor in spiritual gifts, may be entering in at the straight gate of the "more excellent way?" It is ceasing to sacrifice, but may it not be learning to hearken—and may not this way lead, not to a dull acquiescence in an unchallenged probability, but to a spiritual life so real and so conscious that every man may come to feel the assurance that he "shall never see death?" For some of us the unspeakable gift of

this assurance is already accomplished, for others it is still far out of sight, but yet we may be able to believe that Isaiah rightly interpreted the purpose of the Almighty when he said: "I will lead the blind by a way they knew not, in paths that they have not known, and I will make darkness light before them and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them and not forsake them."

If, then, to return to the consideration of the main question of this article we sometimes feel disappointed, almost discouraged, by the apparent absence of certainty, directness and positiveness in our Lord's answers, we must never forget that such want of directness is necessarily inseparable from teachings that are for all the

world and for all time. Had our Lord's words been more specific they could not have been so universal. There is yet another and a stronger reason why they do not display a more positive, or rather detailed, code. Had our every action been instantly referable to a hard-and-fast rule, we should have been the slaves, and not the free children, of God. It is our business to understand the will of our Father in heaven, and so to let the soul grow in grace, not to expect a mandate that leaves no possibility of choice on every point. Life were indeed too easy and no stern school for souls if there were never any doubt how to apply the general principles of righteousness and conduct bequeathed to us in the Gospel.

The Spectator.

A SPRING MORNING.

O! fair the glorious morning wakes to life,
With all its chirping birds and lowing flocks,
Its greening fields and moss-bespangled rocks,
And all the floating scents, on breezes rife!
Cares may have pressed; and sharp as is a knife,
Friends may have left us sad; or, careless, all,
The crowds have passed; but this great festival
Has power to glorify the toiler's strife!

I look from glowing headlands bathed in fire,
Far to the sloping coast which breakers kiss;
And all the view—a boundless scene of bliss—
Calls like a trumpet voice, "Aspire! Aspire!"
Life is not low while beauty girds the view;
And, though men fail, God's seasons still are true!

William Joseph Galligher

Chambers's Journal.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

In "Victoria Vale" and "All Change"—two slender volumes by Wilfrid Woolam—are to be found fragments in prose and verse, parables, apologues and epigrams of varying merit, some not above the commonplace, a few almost brilliant. Obviously, smartness is "in" to-day, and sentiment "out," but between laborious smartness and labored sentiment there is not so very much to choose, after all.—Elliot Stock.

Mr. Columbus Branford's "Birth a New Chance" (A. C. McClurg & Co.) is a serious attempt to prove that the human personality, at death, does not go out of the body, but retreats within the body back into the germ from which that body grew, and afterward is born again into the earthly life in a new body, and so on and on indefinitely. The average reader will find Mr. Bradford's reasoning more curious than convincing.

Under the title "My Master" the Baker & Taylor Co. publishes an account by the Swâmi Vivekânanda of a latter-day Hindu saint, Paramhansa Srimat Ramakrishna, who exerted a wide influence in India, and whose life and teachings attracted the attention of the late Professor Max Müller and other students of Oriental religions. Saint, ascetic and philosopher, all in one, he was a representative of all that is best in the mystic faiths of the east.

"The Transfiguration of Miss Philura" dates from the meeting of the Woman's Ontological Society at which she first realizes that "desire itself is but God—Good—Love, knock-

ing at the door of our consciousness." Her attempts to "bring the invisible into visibility" are described by Florence Morse Kingsley in a tiny novellette which combines the clever and the kindly in very pleasant proportion. Whether Mrs. Kingsley writes in jest or earnest is a question for the Ontological Societies to debate. Funk & Wagnalls Co.

"We shall be like the Trotty books or the Elsie Dinsmore series," complains Penelope to Francesca and Salemina, *apropos* of their fifth volume, in its opening chapter. But Kate Douglas Wiggin's attractive trio have made a host of friends, and "Penelope's Irish Experiences" will not fail of a cordial welcome. The human interest is decidedly in the ascendant by this time, and in spite of Penelope's bright descriptions of manners and scenery, as the three follow their caprices in leisurely fashion through Leinster, Munster, Ulster and Connaught, it is for Salemina's love-story that the book will be most eagerly read. It is dedicated to Jane Barlow. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Attractive, bright, clever, discriminating—one is tempted to go on to the end of the alphabet heaping up adjectives in appreciation of Anna Bowman Dodd's delightful satire. Telling in crisp dialogue form the experiences of the overworked business man, absorbed for twenty years in providing the wherewithal for his wife's annual trips, and finally indebted to his liver and his doctor for his first chance at European sight-seeing, "The American Husband in Paris" combines wit, real-

ism and an unexpected flavor of romance in thoroughly charming fashion. It is a book to read, chuckle over, and re-read with a sympathetic friend. Little, Brown & Co.

The many readers who remember "Deacon Bradbury" as among the most notable of last year's novels, will take up "Old Bowen's Legacy" with keen interest. The Vermont village of the earlier story is the scene of the later; Deacon Bradbury himself reappears with some of his neighbors, and the theme, as before, is the moulding of character by circumstance. But the central figure is a new one—Garrett Coe, miserly and tyrannical at home, and churlish outside—and the plot is worked out along quite different lines. The narrative abounds in incident and will hold the attention of the most casual reader. To the more critical it will strengthen the hope that we may look to Edwin Asa Dix for some of our most satisfactory studies of New England life. Doing full justice to its sombre strenuousness he notes also those milder aspects which artists of older reputation have often failed to portray, and his picture is more attractive for being more faithful. The Century Co.

The individuality which has won for John Luther Long so distinct a place among writers of magazine fiction is strikingly shown in his choice of subjects. The reader will call Mr. Long's taste delicate and subtle, or fantastic, artificial and morbid, as his own inclines him. But there is no denying the ingenuity of his plots, nor the deftness with which the detail is adapted to the emotional end in view. "The Prince of Illusion"—the story of a poor child blind from birth, but living in a world of enchantment evoked for him by the devotion of his mother—shows its author's peculiar talents, perhaps, at their best. Besides this title-story,

his recent volume contains some quaint studies of life among the Pennsylvania Friends and Dutch, a romance with an American artist and an Italian contessa for hero and heroine, a story of the Cuban campaign, and a variety of other sketches. The Century Co.

The current of colonial fiction seems to be setting southward, of late, and the change to milder and more bounteous climes is grateful. It is a romance of early days in Maryland which William Henry Babcock's hero tells, in vigorous though whimsical style, in "The Tower of Wye." Crossing the Atlantic with a cargo of maidens coming out in quest of husbands, and shipwrecked with a round dozen or so of them in his care, this squire of dames—after adventures manifold with pirates, savages and freebooters from Lord Baltimore's grants—ends his story as a staid planter on the peaceful Isle of Kent. Variety of incident is mere matter of course, in a historical novel. But in exuberance of detail, in sympathetic character-study, and in that indefinable literary quality sometimes called "atmosphere," Mr. Babcock has achieved a success decidedly out of the common. His introduction of those mysterious figures—half real, half imaginary—with which the superstitions of the settlers peopled their wilderness, increases the picturesque possibilities of his plot without taxing twentieth-century credulity too severely. Henry T. Coates Co.

To the list of American towns whose past is being revived by the art of the novelist, Detroit has just been added. In "A Daughter of New France," which Little, Brown & Co. publish, Mary Catherine Crowley has shown artistic intelligence in the placing of her heroine, who is a bonny English waif adopted into a Canadian home. The playmate and lover of this prett,

"Barbe," Normand Guyon, describes with spirit the English attack on Quebec, the settlement of Detroit under the *Sieur Cadillac*, his brother-in-law, the disputes between French and English, and the perils of frontier life. A dash of piquancy is given by the character of the "*Bostonnais*," who at more than one critical moment arouses the latent and unsuspected English pride in the heart of the heroine, and effectively complicates the progress of the romance. The strong figures of the French missionaries among the Indians are equally well drawn. As a whole the story is animated, vigorous and enjoyable.

The hope which the Rev. Elwood Worcester, D.D., expresses with reference to his volume on "*The Book of Genesis in the Light of Modern Knowledge*" (McClure, Phillips & Co.) is, that it "may find a place with the reading public between technical hand-books which are instructive, but which nobody reads, and mere popular effusions which are read but which do not instruct." Of the two classes of books thus felicitously described we certainly have had enough, and something more than enough, since the higher critics began their work with the Bible. But the need of something between, that should be both instructive and interesting, must have been felt by many readers, especially among the laity. We believe that a candid judgment will accord Dr. Worcester's book precisely the place which he craves for it. That it is cast in the form of lectures, which were delivered before the writer's congregation, might be reckoned a misfortune, if scientific accuracy and fulness of detail were the ends in view; but it is a help rather than a hindrance to the author's real purpose, which is to interest at the same time that he instructs. Dr. Worcester is familiar with the fruits of modern Biblical scholar-

ship and draws freely upon them. He does not accept the most extreme conclusions; but neither is he a narrow conservative. His lectures end with a consideration of the story of the tower of Babel, but they cover the whole of the cosmical narrative. Illustrations and charts enhance the value of the book.

The Dreyfus Letters and Diary, which McClure, Phillips & Co. publish under the title "*Five Years of My Life, 1894-1899*" surpass all expectations in their interest and pathos. After the briefest possible outline of his early life, Capt. Dreyfus comes at once to that October morning of 1894 when, all unconscious of impending calamity, he received the summons to appear at the Ministry of War in civilian's dress. From this point, the narrative divides naturally into three sections of about one hundred pages each. The first describes his preliminary examination, his court martial, condemnation and degradation, with the journey to Devil's Island. The second reproduces the journal kept at Devil's Island from April, 1895 to September, 1896, intended for his wife, but withheld from her by the authorities, and coming into Capt. Dreyfus's hands again after his return to France. The last details the increasing rigors, brutalities rather, of his imprisonment, describes concisely the incidents of his return, and makes a guarded reference to the second trial at Rennes, and the pardon which followed it. Dignified and restrained, even in its expressions of indignation, the narrative is singularly free from egotism and effusiveness, and it impresses one from beginning to end as the utterance of a brave, sincere and high-minded man. The letters exchanged between Madame Dreyfus and her husband, with the many references to their children, give touching glimpses of their family life.